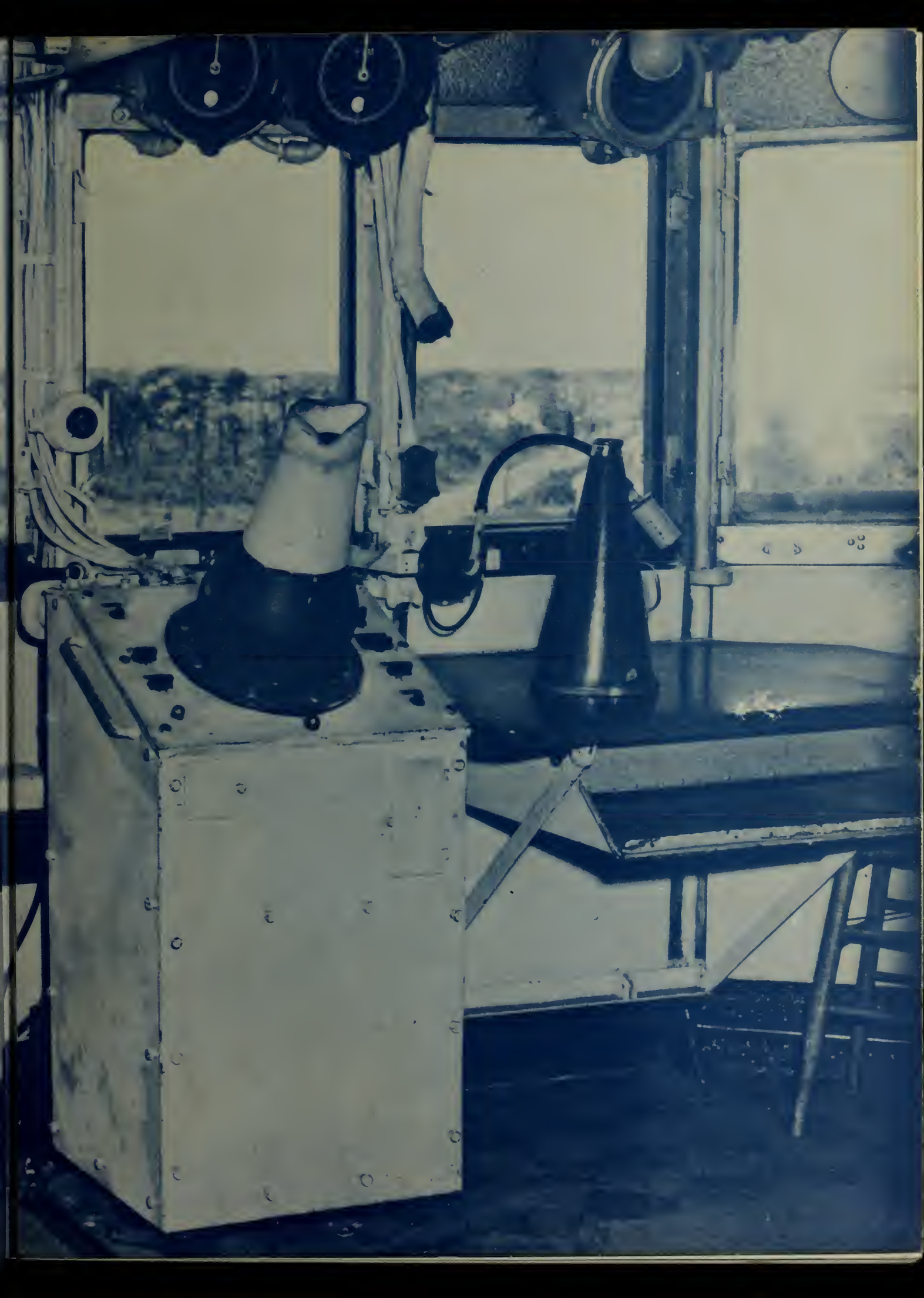
MUSTER 54



FIRST CALL TO MUSTER

WARREN B. CANLON
Editor-in-Chief

RICHARD E. HURLEY
Advertising Manager

FRANCIS J. BURGER
Business Manager

DEDI

LIEUTENANT SAMUEL L. CLOGSTON, USMC

We, the class of 1954 dedicate in part, our 1954 MUSTER to Lieutenant (jg) Samuel Clogston for his unselfish work in our behalf to make this year book a success. He has voluntarily undertaken the tremendous task of Faculty advisor for the yearbook and has given innumerable hours of his time and energy.

During our three years at the Academy, Mr. Clogston has patiently instructed us in our engineering subjects. His spirit and attitude toward our failings has made our work both pleasurable and profitable.

To Mr. Clogston with deepest respect we sincerely dedicate our yearbook.

ATION

CHIEF OWEN CAREW USN

To Chief Owen Carew we humbly offer our thanks. Who with no thought of his own personal sacrifices gave us his time, his energies, and his knowledge to help us one step further toward graduation. During the many evening study periods that Chief Carew spent with us while we were laboring to gain some inkling of the secrets of naval gunnery we all came to know him on an intimate basis. His interest in our activities, the drill squad, our football and baseball teams will be remembered by a very grateful class. Though we knew him just three short years, we will not long forget the many favors he did for us. Most sincerely and with many thanks we have dedicated our memories of the Academy to you.

HISTORY OF

Sixty-three years ago the State of Massachusetts established the charter for this school, to train young men to follow the traditions of her maritime sea farers.

Even before the birth of this nation with the Constitution in 1789, in the days of the colonial empires of France, Spain and England, Massachusetts was setting an envious record for her future men of the seas to match. Her ships and sailors sought out every corner of the globe bringing home all the laurels they might possibly attain. In the China trade her Clippers were first, her whalers from New Bedford and Salem roamed far and wide over the vast Pacific, and her merchantmen plied their goods to every port on the globe.

In order to maintain her supremacy in the world of growing competition in 1891, the Massachusetts Nautical School was founded to provide a training center for a highly skilled class of Merchant Marine officers. The school as a two year preparatory course for merchant sailors began functioning in 1893 aboard the bark "Enterprize" which served as the training ship until 1909.

In 1909 the "Ranger" a barkentine acquired from the navy and renamed the "Nantucket" was put into service for the schools increasing needs.

Through three decades the "Nancy" served faithfully and well carrying the cadets to every corner of the globe and producing a caliber of seamen that make the men of Massachusetts proud of their school.

During the depression and through many futile efforts to close the Academy the "Nantucket" cruised the oceans of the world with her cadets. As the nation plunged headlong into war once more, the Navy

THE ACADEMY

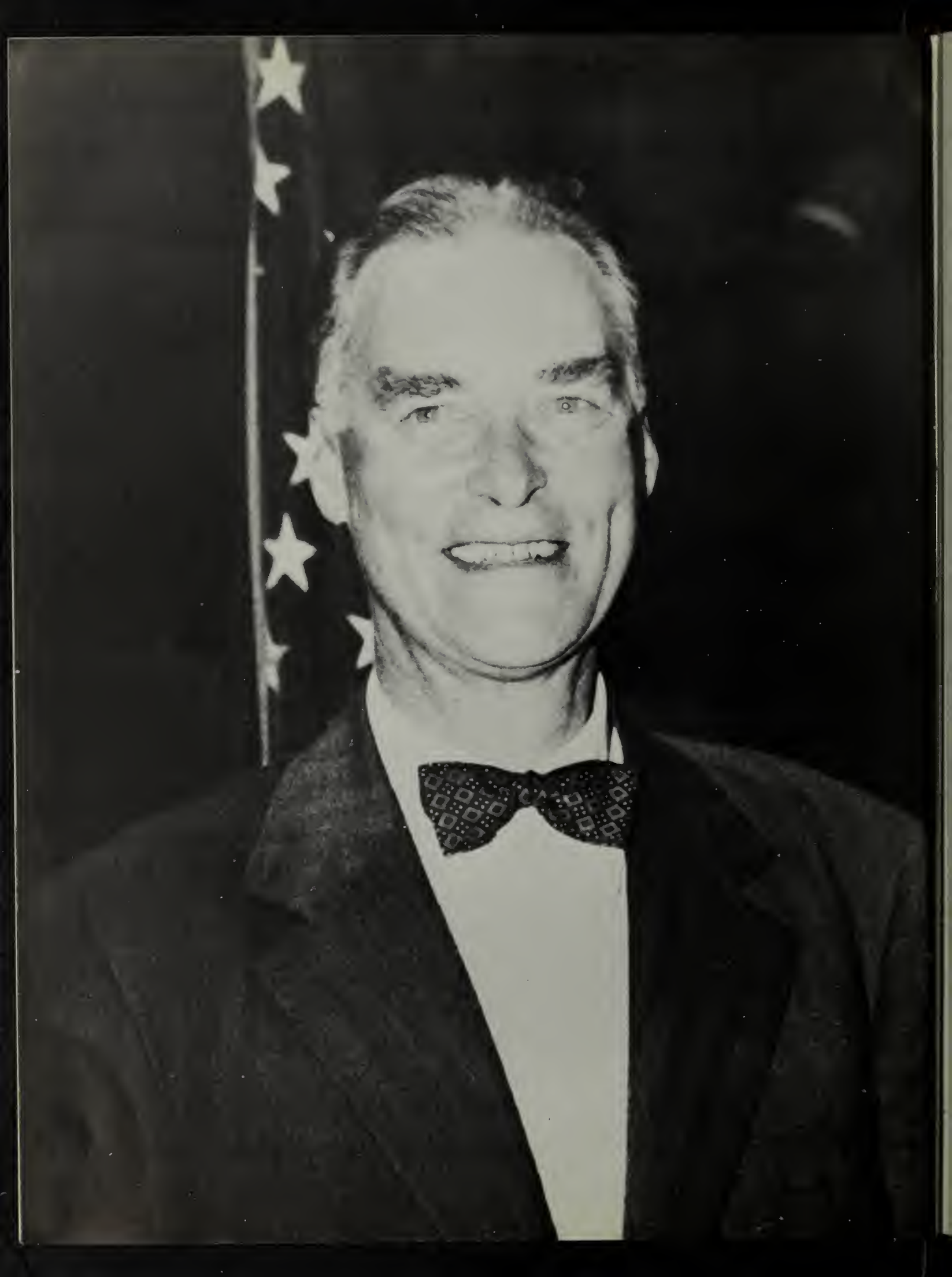
in desperate need of trained officers for our fleets turned to the Academy for help.

The academic course was shortened to eighteen months and the "Nantucket" was retired to spend the last of her days at the United States Merchant Marine Academy at Kings' Point, New York.

To accommodate the influx of new men into the school the Academy came ashore and was settled into Buildings at Hyannis on Cape Cod, in July 1942. The training cruises were made in Maritime Commission ships running short hauls along the coast. Throughout the war Massachusetts produced a goodly number of well trained, well equipped sailors for Uncle Sam's navies whose records proved Massachusetts men far and away the best among other maritime schools. An enviable record.

With the War won, Massachusetts expanded and lengthented the academic curriculum to a three year course, awarding a Bachelor of Science degree in Navigation and Engineering to the graduates in addition to the Naval Reserve Commission and the Coast Guard license. The new school ship, the Academy's first since the "Nantucket" was retired in 1941, was the ex-navy gunboat "Charleston" PG 51. The cadets first boarded her in San Francisco in 1948. They sailed her proudly home through the Panama Canal and up the Atlantic seaboard to her new berth at the State Pier in Buzzards Bay.

Plans for a larger academy went ahead at first in a grand style but have since been stalled in a myriad of state and federal red tape. Facilities are quickly becoming inadequate and positive action must be taken soon for the future hope of Massachusetts' unborn merchant officers. As the class of 1954 graduates our sincerest hopes for the welfare of the school ride with the efforts of the academy officials and the schools commissioner's for a larger and more modern Massachusetts Maritime Academy.



CHRISTIAN A HERTER
GOVERNOR

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
STATE HOUSE BOSTON

I should like to extend my deepest congratulation and best wishes to graduates of the 1957 graduating class of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy. Your impressive studies and practical preparation richly entitle you to future years of reward and constructive achievement. The people of the Commonwealth look forward, with you, to a bright future.

With renewed congratulations and deep appreciation,

Sincerely yours,

Christian A. Herter

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Department of Education

Massachusetts Maritime Academy

Hyannis

June 4, 1954

From: Superintendent
To: The Class of 1954

Subj: Congratulations and best wishes

1. I view your graduation day as a very significant day to each of us. On that day you as a Class depart from this Academy to embark on the career that you have chosen. Since nearly all of you are going to sea you will soon be scattered to the four corners of the world. You will carry with you the impress of your Alma Mater and your superiors will be watching to see whether we are still turning out officers who are as capable as those who have been graduated from this Academy in previous years.

2. Your fellow alumni, your friends and ourselves will all be interested in following your careers. Do not become discouraged if others get the breaks and scale the lower rungs of the ladder more rapidly than you. Remember that the last few rungs are the ones that count.

3. Whether we are engaged in preparation for war, actual war or peace time pursuits, your education is such as to make you a valuable asset to the nation and, as has been proven by many past graduates, to yourselves.

4. I congratulate you on your successful completion of the course, and wish you good fortune and a rewarding career.

Julian D. Wilson

Julian D. Wilson
Radm U.S.N. (Ret.)

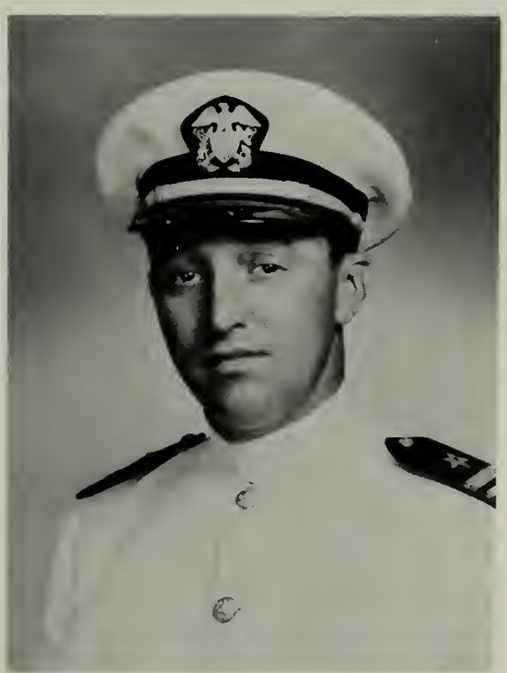
CAPTAIN
JOHN W. THOMPSON U.S.M.S.

COMMANDER
JAMES M. MURRAY U.S.N.R.
Chief Engineer

NAVIGATION AND SEAMANSHIP DEPARTMENT

COMMANDER
RICHARD T. ROUNDS USNR

COMMANDER
LOUIS A. WOODLAND U.S.N.R.



COMMANDER
WILLIAM J. CONNORS U.S.N.R.

NAVIGATION AND SEAMANSHIP DEPARTMENT

LIEUTENANT
PAUL G. HIRST U.S.M.S.

LIEUTENANT
LUCIAN T. PAGE U.S.M.S.

CHIEF BOATSWAIN
ARTHUR G. BRENNER M.M.A.

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

COMMANDER
WILLIAM H. HEMMERELY U.S.N.R.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER
JAMES D. CROSBY U.S.N.R.

LIEUTENANT
SAMUEL L. CLOGSTON U.S.M.S.

LIEUTENANT (j.g.)
MARIO TONNELLO U.S.M.S.

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT

LIEUTENANT
LEE HARRINGTON U.S.N.R.

LIEUTENANT
ROBERT BRENNEN U.S.N.R.

LIEUTENANT
FREDERICK WIKANDER U.S.C.G.

LIEUTENANT
RICHARD N. BOULTER U.S.N.R.

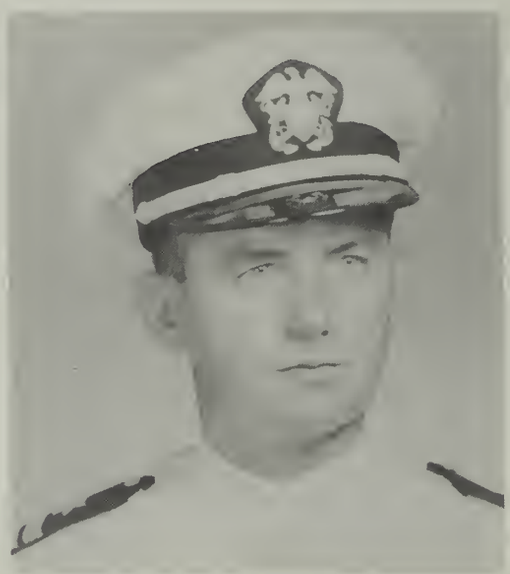
LIEUTENANT
CHARLES JAILLETT M.M.A.

CHIEF BOATSWAIN
ARTHUR G. BRENNER

SHIP SURGEON
JOSEPH T. BOYLE, M.D.

SUPPLY OFFICER
ALVIN ANTEEN U.S.N.R.

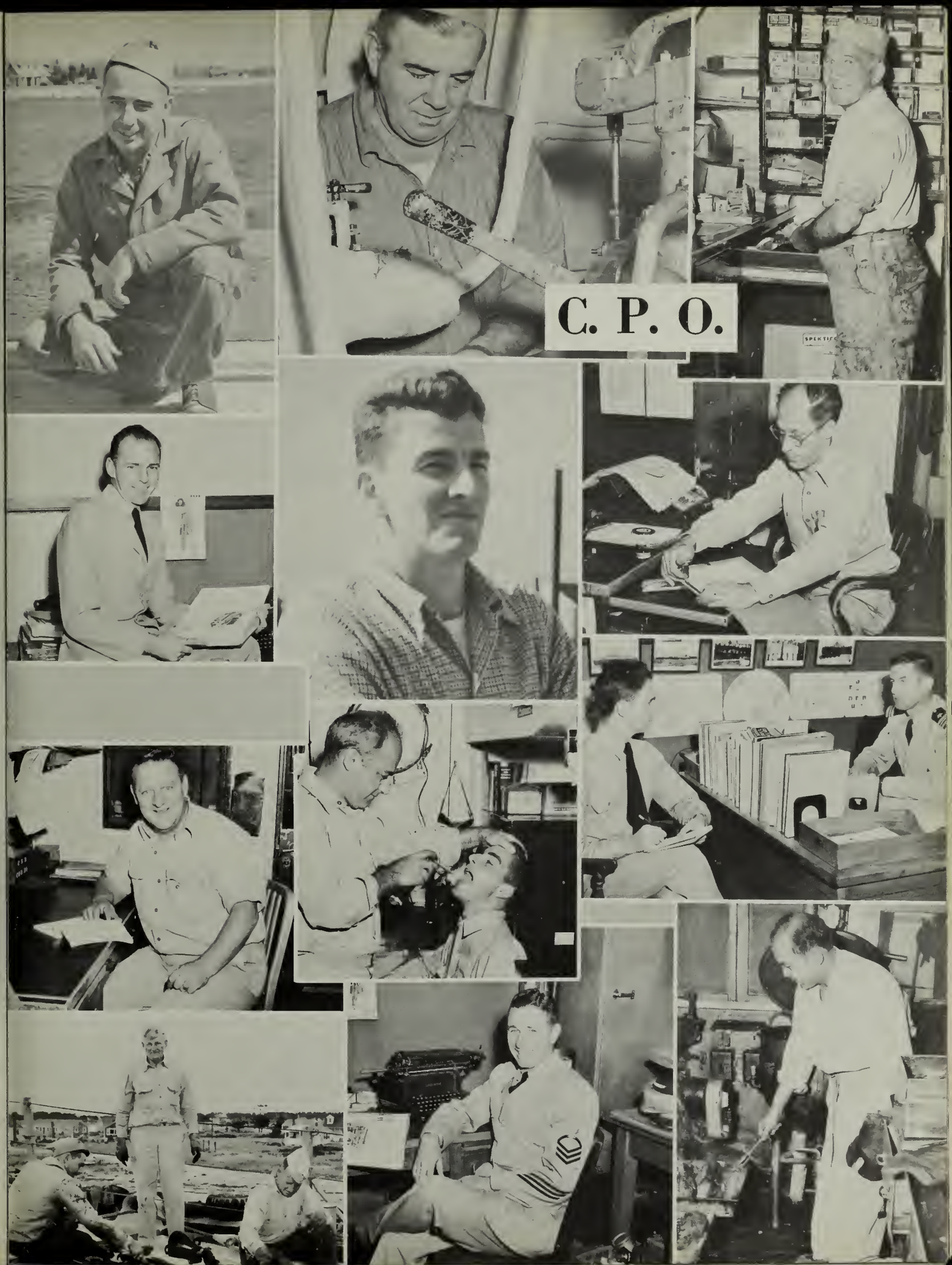
NAVAL SCIENCE DEPARTMENT



LIEUTENANT COMMANDER
STANLEY F. DOYKA U.S.N.R.

LIEUTENANT
JAMES SMITH U.S.N.R.

LIEUTENANT (j.g.)
RAYMOND J. POULIOT U.S.N.R.


C. P. O.

CLASS

HISTORY

Dave Ross
"Dad" Sheldon
Charlie Bowers
Walt Jacobs
Dick Durant
John C. Rossell
Pete M. Hough
J. Paul McLaughlin
Harris Wetzell
Don Sinclair.
"Popeye" Collins
Ray Shea
Herb Jones
Frank
"Bu
Pete Stupnicki
Lee Ureck
"Ziggy"
Ted Baldwin
Punt O'Brien
Max Bra

Jim Murphy
Mal MacLeod
"Don" Dunlop
Ed Johnson
Don Brown
Bob "Black" Norman
"Shy"
Frank Butler
Andy Hockstra
Howard Harrison
Frank Brezendes
John N. Fiske
Bob Mackintire
Joe Horrigan
Tom Kelleher
George Mitchell
Richard P. Sullivan
Sandy Williams
Hugh Ward
CHARLESTON-

September 1, 1951—"And where are you going to school, Joe?"

"Oh, I got a swell deal down to the state maritime Academy—all my weekends off and a cruise for three months of the year—I'm really all set. Get me another frostee, will you baby?"

September 3,—"But, sir, one of these hats is much too big for me."

"That's all right, they shrink."

"Well that's fine, sir, except this other hat is three sizes too small."

"Don't worry; they stretch too—"

September 7—"Look, honey, they just told me that I've got the duty this weekend, so I won't be home to see you. Have a nice year and I'll see you about Christmas . . ."

And so the sixty-six odd "youngsters" were initiated into the life of a sailor. After a week of comparative quiet, the upper jobs came swooping down with a vengeance, and so the "dismal days" of indoctrination began. Class spirit was high, and we united together as we never would again in order to better bear the brunt of the upper jobs attacks. Almost daily we mourned the passing of yet another classmate, 'til finally we began to wonder if perhaps they were right—and we wrong. We did not realize at the time that we would have a chance to be on the other side of the fence, giving it out—but that comes later.

Somehow the main body of us did manage to survive our first semester as "College Freshmen." After all we did have a lot of laughs, especially from the football rallies, which gave us a chance to let off steam without paying for it later. Several members of the class performed so well that they were called back for encores throughout their entire three years at school.

AT last final exams rolled around, and right after the first of the year we set off for Boston and drydock. All we have memories of while there are bitter cold days, the Telephone Building, and watch II's extra long duty—they still can't figure out why they kept having power failures on the gravity life-boats. We were held up almost a full month in the shipyard, because the Coast Guard had us put new life boats—(the bathtubs)—on the ship to meet the safety requirements. There was also much work done in the engine room. On the twenty-eighth of February, heading into a blizzard, we pointed our bow South, and started at last on our "Youngie Cruise."

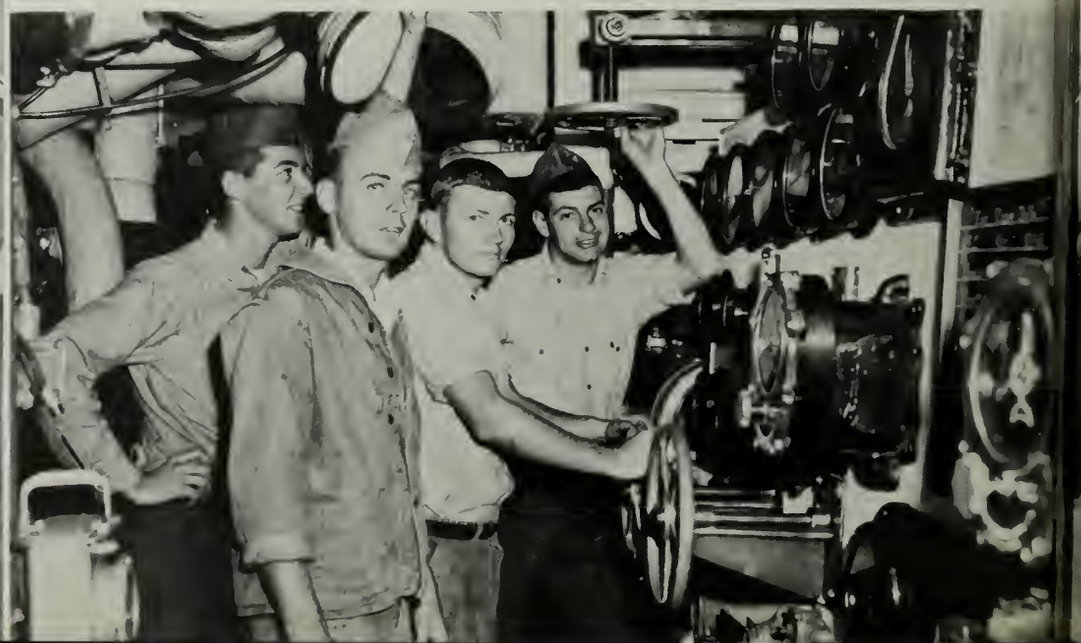
Unfortunately we found the Cape Cod College of Nautical Knowledge exactly as we had left it. The same was found to be true about Buzzards

Gulch. We felt pretty good for about a week, sporting our deep tans to the family, but it was just too good to last. The upper jobs commenced a final big push, along with a few skirmishes from the second jobs, and again we pulled our heads in to weather the storm.

But we were just getting sick of being pushed around, and the day of reckoning was in the not-to-distant future. We planned a few retaliations of our own. Along about the middle of July we "turned the valve." There was a lot of moaning and groaning on both sides, but we held firm, and soon victory was ours. Cigarette sales in the class went down 50%.

Labor Day and graduation, leaves, exams, and new youngies arrived much sooner than thought possible, and the next thing we knew we were second classmen. Now we were custodians of the watch-clock and the coffee pot. Both went through the hardships of being used by unseasoned hands, as the watch-clock gave up three times in as many weeks, and the coffee pot continually bubbled over—but not with enthusiasm.

"Introduction to Naval Ordnance and Gunnery" the schedule said, but it should have been more like "Complete Course on How to Stay Up Late and NOT have a Good Time." All in all, Owen's Kadet Korp managed to survive



in fairly good shape, although Fleet and his "battree 'lighnment" had us stopped for awhile.

The upper class seemed to have forgotten that we were now second jobs, as they concentrated all their energies on trying to keep us in line, to the point of letting the "youngies" run wild. They realized their mistake only after it was a little, to late—MUCH too late.

But fall passed along, a little more pleasantly this year. Doc Quinlan and Bill Kelly again made a big hit in the football rallies, and the team responded to the school's support with one of their best seasons in years. The Ring Dance as usual was the big social event of the year, as Ted Braznicki will tell you, and a fine dance after the Maine game brought us out of that "gunnery gloom" for a few pleasant hours.

We all managed to slide by our final exams, and soon we were off to dry-dock. Here we lost "Old Bru", perhaps our most famous character. They say if all the people he owed something to gathered on one side of the vessel it would surely roll over, but, true or false, he was still a good friend and was missed by all. Much to our surprise the faithful Chun was ready to leave on schedule, and at the start of February we were off for Europe.

Duplicating our success of the previous year, we again tied up to an empty dock upon returning from Europe. But the word soon got around that the Cape Cod Casanovas were back from the hinterlands, and a goodly number of parents, as well as several "lovlies" were on hand to greet their boys when liberty finally went. With the possible exception of the duty section, everyone appeared happy.

Once the semester started, we were again deluged with the subjcts—so many that several of the boys had to take off their shoes just to count the number. We found that the Naval Science Department still had a Gunnery course, and we still had to take it. The engineers had a really rough schedule, while the deckies had to play You Bet Your Weekend. "Hurley—Rule 16." We also soon discovered that we had instructors of our own, as several of us were seen to wander out of the starboard shaft alley as if in a hypnotic trance, after a session with Prof. Doucet.

The Baseball squad was a good reason to be really proud of our school, as they went out and brought us back a championship for the first half-season. A rowing squad made a brief but glorious appearance, when the engineers showed everyone that they, too, could heave those oars. Through the efforts of Mr. Connors the intra-mural golf program was well rounded out.

And so after waiting two years that fateful day arrived. We were upper jobs. That glorious title, with all it implies. We were given a weeks rest so that we would be more readily able to assume our proper roles.

Oh, what a sorry bedraggled bunch of youngies! Did we ever look that bad? Well we'll straighten them out quick enough—Hey you! Straighten up! Square those corners! Stop chewing gum! Say! do you want to go home this weekend?

This was it now we were on the top of the heap. Full of ambition and all eager to see how readily we would straighten the place out. We had our work cut out for us too. The upper jobs graduating had made a mess out of underclass discipline and left bad feelings between both the officers and midshipmen. Bob Shephard, our Battalion Commander, single handedly, for he got not an overly amount of help, pretty well straightened things out for us though and life settled down to a semblance of normalcy again. We got the first good news of the semester then too, all upper jobs were to get long weekends every week and Mr. Wikander replaced Mr. Hodgson.

Being upper jobs can be a lot of work at times, all those long afternoon maintenance periods, but we managed to liven things up a bit here and there and the boys found a substitute for Joe's. So all in all the first weeks passed by very quickly.

The Ring Dance came along in November. It was quite a party. We had

been planning for this one for quite some time and really did it up brown.

Things were coming in thick and fast because the next weekend we walloped Maine Maritime to put the clincher on the first winning football season in our History. It was a nice way to end our year.

We went on leave for Christmas three weeks later and celebrated the occasion with a grand big Christmas dollar party at the Pine. Things were really clicking. No-one failed the midterms, so we went to Boston in high spirits.

After one of the greatest cruises ever, the Bay seemed somewhat barren but now we were back to study. This was the semester we'd really give the books hell. We settled back to our last months rather anxiously, graduation to be the 15th of August. Everyone's aboard for good now, no time for the Pine.

Mr. Burke has told us jobs won't be plentiful this year so that puts us on the edge of our seats. And then the Navy reports they can only take us if we're going to be drafted. These will be our last weeks together. We've had fun while we've been together and now since we're a nomadic group probably most of us will never see one another very often after the 15th. So here's to the good times we have had and to the friends we've made and to good luck and good fortune in the paths we may follow down through the years.

THE CLASS OF 1954

Propeller Club—Pres. 1, 2, 3
Year Book Staff—Ass't Manager
Intramural Softball and Football 1, 2, 3
Football First Committee
Athletic Board

Company Commander
ROBERT J. SHEPHARD

The class has always looked to Bob as its big brother ever since we were young men together three years ago. Always the most ambitious one among us, his efforts proved him worthy of the highest rank in the Academy that of Battalion Commander. Though constantly occupied with the many problems of his position, Bob always had time to talk to anyone who needed help or advice, whether it was a 1st classman or 3rd, his time was yours, no matter how pressing and perplexing his own troubles might have been. Not many realize, nor appreciate, his efforts but everyone will remember him as the very best friend they have ever had.

Company Adjutant

SANFORD L. WILLIAMS

330 RANDOLPH AVENUE
MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Banging the snow off his skis, Sandy came to us fresh from a summer in the frozen wastes of Greenland. Snake soon initiated us into the mysteries of "Jakies Brew." His keen attention in class was only occasionally interrupted by a book thrown by our Math professor. Sandy's absence from formations during underclass days was supplanted by a driving ambition to work, work, work! During his last year, because of his natural ability and classroom proficiency, as well as the desire to shoulder responsibility, he was a natural to guide the destinies of the deckmen during his senior year. His ability to grasp a situation was amply demonstrated on many occasions. His ability to take command, as well as stand a taut watch will stand him in good stead in future years.

BOILER DIVISION

Golf
Propeller Club
Laundry Clink No. 1

Cadet Lieutenant
EDWARD FERRIS

2 IVES COURT
SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

Straight from Sling Wings Laundry on Derby Street, Ching Foo came to begin his apprenticeship in the Salt Mines of W. W. Chin Foo. In two short years however old slanty eyes became head sock scrubber. Whenever he was awake (which wasn't often) Eddie took great charge of the Boiler Division where he spent plenty of hours cleaning up oil gushers on our last cruise. Jim and Ed soon formed a fearsome twosome on the golf links as soon as Jim taught him how to hold a club. Between his trips to New Hampshire and his management of his junk yard (that's where he got his cars) Ed did a real good job at M.M.A. especially in turning out all that year in the laundry wash that was always so pure and lily white. (Who's he kidding.)

Football Manager
Yearbook
Propeller Club
Cadet Ensign

Cadet Ensign

ANDREW ALBERT HOEKSTRA

55 NO. MAIN STREET
WHITINSVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS

Hoooooookie!! How's Lola? Andy had to put up with this taunt for three long years but survived through it all. One of the inseparable three of Ed, Howie, and Andy they proved a worthly bunch of engineers. Hook will never forget the day he traced the fresh water system into a CO_2 bottle, or the nite the troops pulled his bunk apart with him in it. A perfectionist at keeping his hands and face clean, Hooks nose and chin lit the compartment up many a nite. Victim of many jokes and pranks, Andy's good naturdness will bring him sure success as an oiler in Uncles' Navy. Hooks favorite sport is baseball and as a catcher Andy made a beautiful catch with Lola. We wish them all the happiness in the world in the years to come.

1042 Club
K.P. Club
Var. Football 1, 2
Intermural Football 2, 3
Intermural Softball 1, 2, 3
Trinidad Rum Runners
Mgr. Duke A.C.

Midshipman
ROBERT J. DUKE

40 VAN ESSE ROAD
NO. WEYMOUTH, MASS.

Hey Buddy, How's Jean? But you can't go to Boston every night.

One of the most fabulous characters ever to hit the school. Bob caused more than one grey hair to sprout from that dear old man's head. Bob was a port aisle fixture especially at 0600. One of the original members of the raggedy watch, and a personal friend of Meester Hendy, he was a conscientious, eager worker spending up to 45 hours in the bilges without relief—a record.

Bob was always interested in sports whether it was port isle cruise activities or intermurals he always had a hand in them. He and Dutch, his constant shadow formed the hard core of the Duke A.C. Although he was unable to stand the pace of the Fog he did manage to contribute to the Fog's many activities by keeping various odds and ends of junk under water.

Without his presence life would have been immeasurably dull. One of the best, always good for a joke, a dependable friend. Bob will be an asset to any group wherever he may roam.

K. P. Club
Propeller Club
Cadet Ensign
Day Student
Intramural Sports
Var. Football

Midshipman
PETE DUPUIS

PROSPECT STREET
FRAMINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

The little man who wasn't there. Pete the only day student in the history of M. M. A. Pete has put more miles on his Henry J. than a truck driver on the New York to Boston route. Could Nancy have anything to do with it? We think so. Pete is still looking for a new hat. He lost his some where between Miami and Jacksonville. The greatest story teller we've ever heard, Pete has astounded us all with his vast knowledge ? ? ? of so many subjects. Every Sunday nite he always had a new dozen for us. A close buddy of the Leaders, Pete, expects to enter the liquor business with him upon graduation. Man will the sea stories float then. Someday we all expect Pete to bump into us still carrying his pot of kerosine with which he hopes to revolutionize medical science. Lots of luck Pete, but we still think the idea is useless.

1032 Club
Propeller Club
Band Master

Midshipman
GEORGE A. HAMLIN

14 GUERNSEY STREET
ROSLINDALE, MASS.

Guk, Guk, Guk, but Sir please unwind its time to go on watch. George is noted for his feats of angularity, the only Middy who can stand on his hands in a sitting position.

George was a favorite with the upper jobs because of his ability with spit and polish. This accomplishment was acquired after long arduous hours polishing his own dainty feet. George was a good youngie.

As we all did so did George and when we became kings so did he only horizontally though, much more dignified.

We all accept him as one of the troops and a charter member of the Boston Travelers Association. George is planning on a career with Export Lines come September 1. Good luck to you from the Troops.

Midshipman
HERBERT P. JONES

416 BAKER STREET
WEST ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

To the soft and lovely strains of "Herbie is our Leader, he will never fail us" the Youngies were indoctrinated into the presence of the B. T. H. S. Thunderbolt. His soft, gentle voice could be heard nite after nite extolling the 3rd class in how to perform their duties to the degree of perfection that he himself had decided was possible. Herb was one of the first to pass his midnite swimming test in Cape Cod Canal. He accomplished this in his Youngie Year even though it meant the loss of his clothes. The leader also willingly traded ten weekends for a cup of coffee in his brief but illustrious career in these hallowed halls. All in all Herb proved an able leader and he will always be remembered as the holder of the keys, who led the troops to many a victorious battle in the battle of the books. So in closing we say three cheers for our leader.

Var. Football
Baseball
Basketball
Knotty Pine Volunteer Fire Dept.
K. P. Club
Propeller Club
Port Aisle Honor Club
Intramural Softball
Editor-in-Chief 1954 Muster
Winner A. S. M. E. Medal

Midshipman
WARREN E. SCANLON

25 FRANKLIN STREET
LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS

When "Sonny" was a very "young man" he ventured into the depths of the engine room one day and no one saw him for two days. Finally someone heard a muffled cry for help in a dark corner and discovered a turtle like fellow lying helplessly on his back with his face wedged underneath a huge tool-box. Sonny's ready smile won him many friends both at the academy and on the surrounding bogs. An expert on the intricacies of boilers his advice has been welcomed many times by his fellow classmates. We know he will go on to win more awards in life, and someday even achieve the highest prize—the leather medal of the Custer Cluster. P.S. He may ship with Merit Gas. Co.

FIRST DIVISION

Literary Editor Yearbook
Dance Committee

Cadet Lieutenant
GEORGE J. MITCHELL, JR.

ORCHARD ROAD
EGYPT, MASS.

There is not much left unsaid. To those of us at school George was a friend and companion. Energetic and intelligent, a good student, one of the few, and conscientious worker he was still considered one of the boys and could always be counted on to be in the thick of the fun at the Pine.

George handled his division well and was respected by the classes and the officers alike. One of the true blue he intends a navy career in September.

Supper Club
Intra-mural Football
Propeller Club
Golf Team

Cadet Ensign
CHARLES F. BARRY

131 MANTHORNE ROAD
WEST ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

The social Prince of Eastern Massachusetts blew in on the unsuspecting middies one dreary day three years ago. Just back from his latest ball, Charlie broke down and decided to give the "Bourgeois" a break. We soon discovered that under his haughty exterior Charlie was really a very fine fellow. His sudden visits to Sick Bay whenever a Communications period was on tap did not prevent his becoming one of the early members of the supper club. This, as just about everything else, bothers Charlie not at all and he was rewarded for his ability by being made a one-stripper. He has the dubious distinction of being champion sandman of the deckies, easily, beating all other contenders for the accolade "Mr. Horizontal Man, 1954." Charlie's personality and ability to get along with people assure him of success.

Midshipman
EARLE FREDERICH CHAPMAN, JR.

WOODLANDS
MARSHFIELD HILLS, MASSACHUSETTS

The Earle of Marshfield came sauntering down three years ago to lend his know-how to the Fort Knox of Nautical Knowledge. Stepping inconspicuously out of his hard-top Lincoln, he was soon lost in the scholastic daze of Academy life. Although C.D.R. Holway tried to prosecute Sandy for having a junk in the parking lot, cooler heads managed to prevail. Sandy earned the rare distinction of being looked up to by his contemporaries and many of the troops brought their problems to do battle with his common sense. Well-liked and much respected, may he always have the best.

K. P. Club
Supper Club
Intra mural Softball and Football
Rowing Team
Drill Squad 1 and 2
Subversive Activity Committee
Propeller Club

Midshipman
DONALD P. BROWN, JR.

8 MONTGOMERY PLACE
GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Avast there, mates! Well shiver my timbers, if it isn't the Gloucester Tuna Fisherman, in person! After prowling around the harbors and inlets of the North Shore for quite a few years, Brownie decided to come down to Bogger country and show the other half how it was done. After the swapping of many tales, Don came to the conclusion that the only real sailors come from Gloucester, but decided to stay anyway. He soon learned the significance of that new nautical term '1-50,' and used it often during the school year. Don is one of the most capable practical seamen in the class, and the Navy is going to get a real man when Brownie graduates. Keep your eye on him, mates!

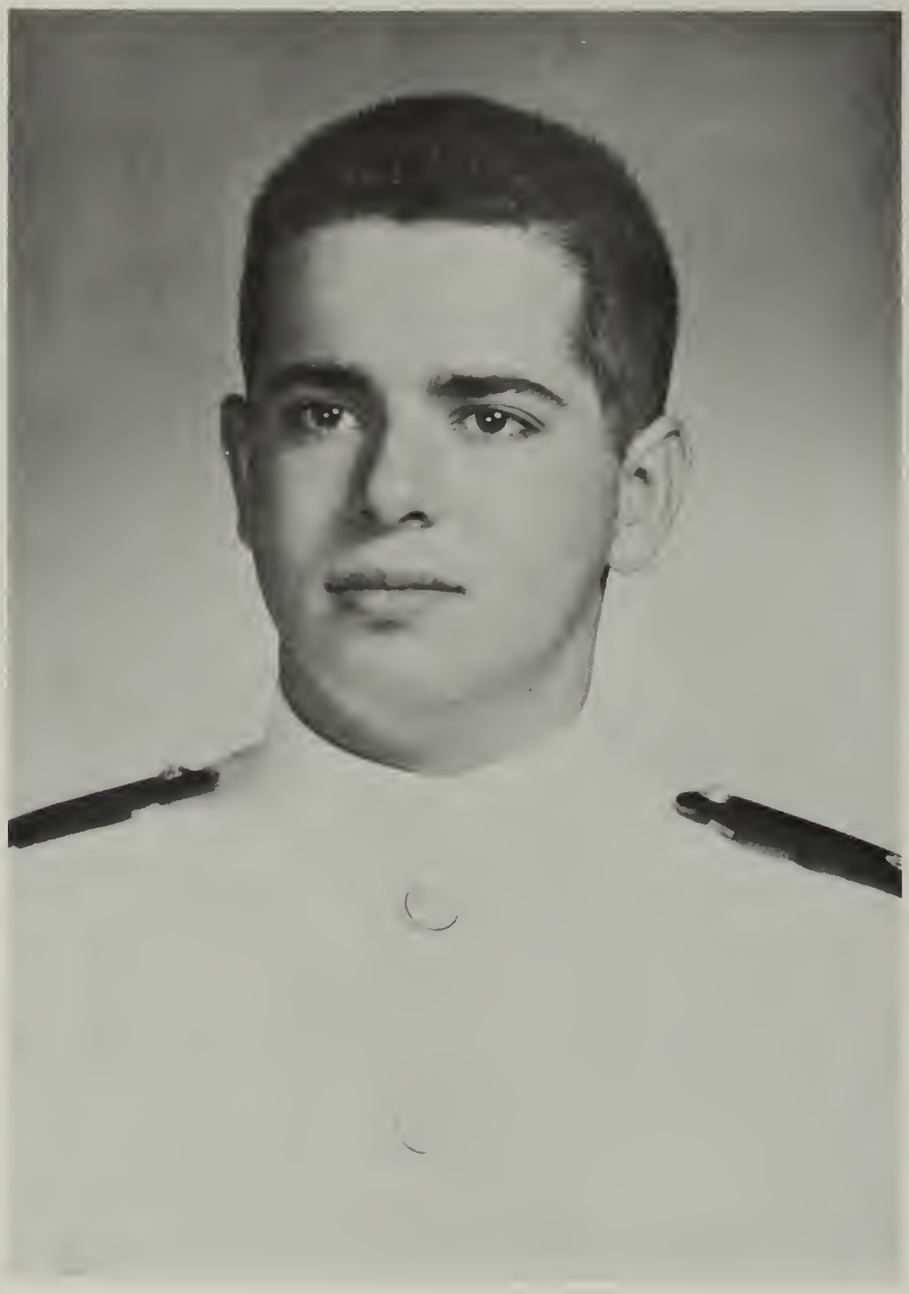
Pres. K. P. Club
Supper Club

Midshipman

FRANCIS M. BUTLER, JR.

16 LANCASTER AVENUE
REVERE, MASSACHUSETTS

Frank was already indoctrinated into the military life by the time he got to us, what with a year at Admiral Farragut, as well as several summers spent yelling 'step right up.' It was easy to see from the beginning that Butts could get along with just about anyone. Even when he became an understudy to Hoy-Hoy, and started scalping a few of us, we didn't mind too much although it's been said that Frank's shop is the only place you can get two dollars worth of bull for half a buck, all this straight from the barber's mouth. But, sea or shore, Frank is sure to be on top.



Phi Beta Scatt
Supper Club
Summa—vice-president
Football Foist Committee
M. M. A. Health Club

Midshipman
ROBERT J. DOONAN

50 HAROLD AVENUE
SOMERSET CENTER, MASSACHUSETTS

"Let me tell you about this buddy of mine who flies jets." And so it all began, way back in the middle of our third-class year. It seems that if anything from stock cars to ice boxes for the Eskimos is mentioned, Doon has a buddy who's in on the ground floor. During Bob's young and foolish years, we were also treated to a blow by blow description of his weekend nocturnal adventures, but no more! What's the story, Bob??? Aside from indulging in a little Irish blarney now and then, Doon proved himself to be a real friend, as well as an intelligent thinker when the occasion demanded. He has a lot of know-how, as is characterized by "Now, wait a minute fellows—" Bob is a pretty personable gent, and should go far in his chosen profession.

Cadet Ensign 1st Div.
Propeller Club
Bogger Fire Dept.

Midshipman
HORACE HARRISON

MAIN STREET
SAGAMORE, MASSACHUSETTS

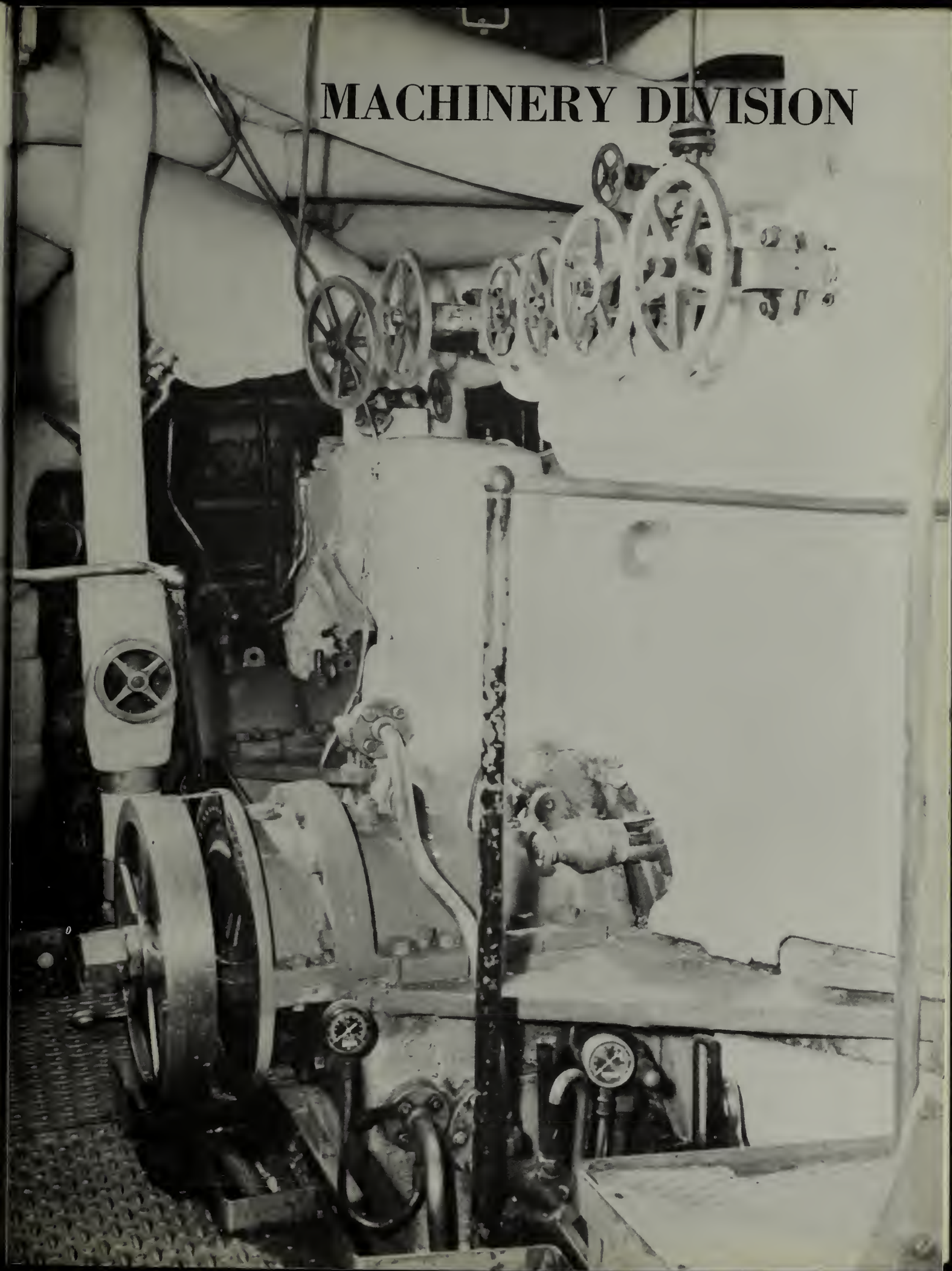
'errrrrrrrrrr' There goes Horace, off atop his volunteer fire engine, down to save one of the bogs from a fiery doom. We notice that Horse is meticulously trimming his nails as he tears along the highway—hmmmm. A member of the Terrible Three, Horace incited many a riot by going along the corridors shouting "Boggers sure are the superior race." Horace still remembers the day the troops tried to run his bunk up for colors, and were at approximately half-mast when he happened along. Horace would spend unearthly amounts of time in the books, pausing only to toss some job at an unsuspecting middie. All in all Horace was a good sport about the whole business. Merchant Marine or Navy, he should do well in future years.

Midshipman
EDWARD PHILIP BALDWIN

42 PINE STREET
HARWICH PORT, MASSACHUSETTS

Ted is one of our real 'boggers' from a way back. He came to us fresh from the latest scallop harvest, after a brief visit to the big city of Jumboland. The overhead in the First Div. Gear Locker soon became Ted's base of operations—at least for his third class year. As a second classman he came out of hiding and at the Ring Dance showed us that he was really a social butterfly at heart. Ted would pass away long hours telling the troops about 'the fabulous adventures of Dod Osborne and Richard Halliburton.' His periodic skirmishes with M.M.A.'s eminent psychologist soon earned him a rather broad translation of his last name. Ted provided us with many a laugh, and due to his easy-going nature will long be remembered by his fellow classmates in future years. WE'll all be looking for his first book.

MACHINERY DIVISION



Cadet Lieutenant

HOWARD B. WETZELL

59 BOUVE AVENUE
BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS

A quiet reserved rather diminutive, fair-skinned lad arrived here after two years spent at Wentworth Institute. Howie was born to tinker with cars or anything for that matter. Keeping mostly to himself and working or welding in the Fixit shop the majority of the boys learned he was one of us on that fateful night out of Boston on the young man cruise. There have been moments of exuberance however one such outburst will be remembered especially by Bobby Duke. Although slow to make friends, Howie has proved to be one of the boys after all, and echoings of General Motors, fanbelt and crank case shall be heard through the hallowed halls for many years to come.

Var. Football
Var. Basketball
Intra. Softball
Propeller Club
Dance Committee
(Chairman)
Class Secretary
1042 Club
Nite Riders to Boston Club
Football Foist Committee

Cadet Ensign

MARIO P. CIARAMAGLIA

98 HUDSON STREET
SOMMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS

Our lil' imigrant from Italy where he worked in Benito's Ravioli Palace as head waiter, came to the Chun because he heard of the terrific spaghetti they cooked down here. Was he disillusioned! Who can blame him for frequent trips to Boston for some home cooked chow. Even though he hasa the harda joba a speaka da inglis, Mario has done a tremendous job as our class secretary. Also as chairman of our dance committee he has been instrumental in providing us with some of the finest dances in our history at M.M.A. His quiet humorous manner will long be remembered even after he returns to his spaghetti business. We honestly believe that one day he will own and operate the largest fleet of pastafazule tankers in the country.

Intramural Baseball
Football
Basketball
Propeller Club
Band
Port Aisle
Honor Club
I. U. J. D. P.

Midshipman
RICHARD E. DOUCET

6 FREEMAN PLACE
NEEDAM, MASSACHUSETTS

The greatest out fielder since Shoeless Joe Jackson, the greatest passer since Paul Goninelli, the greatest basketball player since Nat Holman and the greatest gun fighter since Wyatt Earp. This is the Fog all rolled into one or so he gives us the impression. The Dutch will psychoanalize you or hypnotize you in the twinkling of an eye and his ability to obtain jelly doughnuts is unbelievable. An accomplished musician, Fog, has entertained ? ? ? us for many hours with concertos on the violin and his collection of classical music is the greatest. All in all this guy can do so many things, he will amaze even you. Make it a point to meet this guy some day and you can really say you've lived.

Propeller Club

Midshipman
LEON HUNIWELL

39 SPEAR STREET
MELROSE, MASSACHUSETTS

Lee worked hard the first six months we were here but in his own words, "It was a stall." Since we returned from the cruise and exams loom large on the horizon Lee has spent quite a few hours of study in the log office. Known best for his melodious voice he has often joined the boys in choral groups at various places in and about the Bay. Lee has been an admirer of old Nate Holway. When we were 3rd jobs, he and Nate swam the canal together. Lee will be going in the Navy on graduation and even though we make him the butt of many a joke he is one of our best.

Var. Football
Var. Baseball
Intramural Sports
Propeller Club
Knotty Pine Volunteer Fire Dept.

Midshipman
THOMAS A. KELLEHER

112 BRIDGE STREET
SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

"From the halls of M. M. A. to the shores of Buttermilk Bay." Tom has taken every beach head down here in beautiful Buzzards Gulch. He has hidden for hours, crawled on his stomach, hand walked over lines, anything to gain his objective (the deck of the Chun at two in the morning with a dozen first jobs looking for him.) Anyone needing information on the Marines can inquire from Tom, the official recruiting sarge, of the Academy. Our boy is Gung Ho for the Corps all the way and we will certainly be thinking of him at our steak supper while he is chowing down on K ration in a fox hole. Seriously, though, any fox hole that Kell inhabits will certainly be a cheerful one.

Propeller Club
M. M. A. Butterment Assoc.
K. P. Club
Buzzards Bay Better
Business Bureau

Midshipman
RAYMOND D. SALLEY

8 HOOD STREET
ATTLELOW, MASSACHUSETTS

From the Masts of the Eagle to the "Masts" of the Chun is the story of "The Voice in a nut shell." After a brief career as a Coastguardsman, Ray decided to be an 1108 Merchie Bum with the rest of us. Few of us will ever forget his foghorn voice at all our sports events, always giving the troops the support they needed at a crucial moment in any ball game. Ray, along with Novid and Zock formed the infamous three who did their best to keep many of the local establishments in business. We have Ray to thank for our fine marching and organization of Company platoons at M. M. A. as he provided an able organizer and in the future his ability to handle any situation should hold him in good stead whether it be Coastguard or Merchie.

Propeller Club
Intramural Sports
Var. Football
Ring Committee
K. P. Club

Midshipman
ROBERT P. SULLIVAN

52 PINE CREST ROAD
NEWTON CENTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Simmons,? Wellesly,? Leslie,? After many choices, Chubsy settled on rough tough M. M. A. His angelic? countenance made him a target for many pranks but he lived through them all including his nightly sojourns to Boston for some mysterious reason. A lover of good food Sully was continually hungry. Rich was a loyal M. M. A. baseball fan which he proved shortly before graduation. One of the "Bobsy Twins" Sully and Petesi always had some deal on the line whether it be college girls or just girls. A constant source of laughter, we will always remember the arguments between Richie and Punt as to who carried the most excessive baggage. Personally we think Sully did.

SECOND DIVISION

Drill Master, Drill Squad
Propeller Club
Intramural sports

Cadet Lieutenant
EDWARD D. JOHNSON

MILL STREET
BURLINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Carrying all the latest Farm and Food reports in his back pocket, Ed came down to prove to the boys that farmers can go to sea too. And he did a good job of it, as is evidenced by his many deeds. As well as being second mother to all the stalwarts in second division, he could be seen driving the Drill Squad through their paces with his whip-like tongue. He excels in classes, and is an old master in the gentle art of after hours consultation. Also a member of the Big Three, along with Tom and Horace, you could always find them together through thick and thin. Ed was always trying to improve himself, and as a result came out as one of the top boys in the class. Here's the hope for success in future years.

Football
Baseball
Basketball (Capt.)
All State Pier

Cadet Ensign

BERNARD E. HEALY, JR.

57 COLONIAL ROAD
NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

Big Brud came to us from the empire of Weymouth, which of course doomed the troops to endless accounts of the awesome deeds performed by the stout fellows of his homeland. Whether it was the Atomic Bomb or walking down the street, it all ended up as 'common sense' to Brud. He and Howie could be heard screaming far into the night about such important topics as the relative strength of ping-pong balls. But Brud made us pretty proud of him on several occasions, as he was our chief representative on the field of play, be it Baseball, Basketball, or Football. He has more than a little bit on the ball, and he shouldn't worry too much about success in future years—it's just 'common sense,' Right Brud?

Chairman of Football Foist Committee
Propeller Club
K. P. Club
Dance Committee
Golf Team
Youngie Investigating Committee
C. P. O. 2nd Div.
Drill Squad

Midshipman
WILLIAM C. KELLEY, JR.

20 OXFORD STREET
SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS

Presenting Billy Kelley broadcasting from that exclusive nite spot located in the heart of downtown Buzzards Bay.. "Old Kel" was the star of every football rally in the past three seasons. When Billy swung into action Horace's chances weren't worth a dime. This scourge of the Caribbean made Henry Morgan look a rank amateur—many's the fair lass that succumbed to the wild Irishman. A good seaman and a great classmate; Billy should have no trouble at all with a small matter like success.

Propeller Club
Cadet Ensign
Art Staff (Yearbook)
Baseball
K. P. Club

Midshipman
ROBERT W. MACKINTIRE

28 CHESTNUT STREET
EVERETT, MASSACHUSETTS

Mac is one of the really smart boys among us, and once he makes up his mind to something nothing on Heaven or Earth can change him. The boys used to get quite a kick out of Mac crossing paths with Ed Sottak, and warning him to watch out or he'd be picking himself up off of the deck-uh huh. Not that we don't believe it possible, but—Bob used to save us quite often from the horrors of Spanish translation, as well as several other subjects. The guy has just got it on the ball, and he always knows what he's doing, which is really an accomplishment when you come right down to it. If you disagree, just try arguing with him, and you'll see. This boy's brains will carry him far.

K. P. Club
Golf
Softball
Propeller Club
Color Guard
Nite Mate Trinidad B.W.I.
Football First Committee

Midshipman
DONALD A. McKEEN

7 ALBION STREET
SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

Here is the other half of the 'gold-dust' duo. Came to us from up Salem way, Don was quite a sight in his pegged pants and white bucks. The pants didn't last very long and the shoes were soon water-logged in one of the troops many beach parties. Stripped of his exterior, Don was forced to show us that he was really a pretty good guy. A real shark in studies, Slim was always the first one up with the answers. Several of the troops went crazy just trying to get him riled up. Don was always worrying what Ray was thinking of doing next, while Ray was always afraid of what Don was contemplating. Love was kid's stuff to our hero, although we heard rumors every once in a while. Perhaps after graduation his Merchant ship will take him to what he seeks. Lots of luck from all the boys, to one who made our stay at school much lighter, especially at the end of each semester.

Propeller Club
K. P. Club
Assistant Drill Master
Baseball Manager
Supper Club
S. U. M. M. A.
Intramural Softball

Midshipman
JAMES R. MURPHY, JR.

72 BROOK ROAD
WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Little did the unsuspecting middies realize that a great movie producer was in our midst when Murph joined our organization. It soon became evident that such was the case, however, because Murph was always to be found behind the cameras directing operations. Cecille B. De Whale Productions were responsible for the (in) famous 'ping' extravaganzas, those super-colossal panoramas that seriously threatened to replace the sleeping pill as the universal sedative. Ten 'pings' are guaranteed to put you away for a complete period. But Murph was active in other fields besides that of picture-making. The Drill Squad was certainly enhanced by his presence, and he did a great job as one of our baseball managers. The Merchant Marine is going to get a good man come September.

Baseball
Football
Basketball
Color Guard
Order of the Horns
Propeller Club

Midshipman
MALCOLM WALKER MacLEOD

50 MELLEN STREET
DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Arrogant Angus came swaggering down from the big city to show the Boggers just how things ought to be run. Although the first class had a few different ideas, Mal agreed to let them have their way for the present. Mal turned out to be one of our best Navigators, although at a few of the dances it appeared a few extra lessons might have been helpful. Navy or Merchie, Mal and all his girls are sure to make out.

Midshipman
RICHARD CHARLES HURLEY

95 VICTORIA CIRCLE
NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Dick was one guy whom everyone knew in short order. Within a week cries of "Commish!" echoed up and down the corridors. Dick was always haunted by people wanting to know what the latest word was, but he always managed to stall them off, which is to his credit. Several of his near-misses on the highway will go down in Academy history. Dick was always willing to give a friend a hand when it became necessary. Whatever he may be up to in future years, he is sure to do all right.

ELECTRICAL DIVISION

Public Relations Expert for
M.H.A. Band and Softball
teams
Intramural Sports
Var. Football
K. P. Club
Knotty Pine Volunteer Fire
Department
Trinidad Rum Runners
Dance Party Committee
1042 Club Pres.

Cadet Lieutenant
RICARDO L. PHELAN

HARBOR AVENUE
MARBLE HEAD, MASSACHUSETTS

Ole Grandad! Silver haired grand father! Dad! Old Man! Dick has many many nicknames and they all seem to fit for some reason. Daddy who is finishing his fifth school is not as old as he looks but try to make anyone believe that. A public Relations Expert, Dick has accomplished an unbelieveable task at M. M. A. (At least thought unbelieveable by one Middie.) He has personally founded and directed a military band to a huge success, a feat for which he will long be remembered. A great football player in his first two years at the school, Dick retired because of old age, but has turned his talents to managing a highly successful 1st Class Softball team. Now in the construction business, Daddy still has many hidden talents and God help us when he starts developing them.

Intramural Softball
Intramural Football
Golf
Propeller Club
Cadet Ensign

Cadet Ensign
JOSEPH WILLIAM HORRIGAN

11 PERKIN STREET
PEABODY, MASSACHUSETTS

Look! up on the Mast! Its Cheetah the wonder ape. Oops sorry, its only Joey out for morning exercise, "Save me a seat Joe." These words, time and again marked Joe's value to our class. If Joe knew it we all did, if he didn't too bad, we all flunked. His famous "Chee tanks fellas" was heard from morning to nite along with his praises of Shirley. Joey would have ranked with Ben Hogan as a golfer except that his stomach was continuously in his way. Oh well, you can't have everything Joe. When he joins the Navy upon graduation Joe will really prove his ableness especially when it comes to doing the rigging aloft. He can really move around up in the air thanks to his natural ability. Best of Luck to you, Joe.

K. P. Club
Propeller Club
Var. Baseball
Var. Football (Publicity)
Movie Club

Midshipman
FRANCIS BRADY

25 VALENTINE ROAD
ARLINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Maxie! the red headed rooster! The owner of the "jewel!" Sports writer deluxe. What else need be known about him. A hockey star from Arlington Slopsie Maxsie hung up his double runners and entered M.M.A. to establish himself as a fireman with the Knotty Pine Volunteer Fire Dept. A terrific mechanic Max fixed his car up so that the purr of his motor could be heard all over the bogs. An avid movie goer Max pushes the "jewel" away from the Buz. Bay theatre many a nite. Max was at his best climbing coconut trees in Trinidad and heaving coffee cups in Fort Lauderdale. When it came to hearing lines, Maxie could really really whip it out and will long be remembered for his feat of whipping it out in France. Believe me this kid is good and could put many deckies to shame in this part of seamanship. He will probably continue practicing when he ships tanker. We hope he does because he's real good at it.

Propeller Club
Knotty Pine Club

Midshipman
PETER F. McHUGH, JR.

8 WHITTIER ROAD
NEEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

Straight to us from nearby farms came the pride of Daisy Meadows, prominent yachtmen and expert social blunderer Petsey McCow. His nocturnal escapades at nearby and faraway institutions have many times provided a lively topic of conversation, and his casual clothes marked him as a follower of the latest trends in college dress. Borden's biggest weakness was undoubtedly a craving for chocolate ice cream cones and it has been rumored that he alone kept Emerson out of the red during the slack season. One of the chubby Bobbsy twins, Mc Moo spent most of his time building himself up but finally had to go on a diet (of chocolate ice cream) when he could no longer fit into his clothes.

Pete missed his first cruise due to an unfortunate accident but managed to make up for it on the second and third trips. He is joining the gray fleet after graduation and leaves behind him many friends, pleasant memories, and Dad's slightly rusty anchor.

Football First
Golf Team
Boxing Team

Midshipman
PAUL QUINLAN

30 EDGEMONT STREET
ROSLINDALE, MASSACHUSETTS

In this corner we have the greatest feller in the history of the ring. Battling Doc. Quinlan. Just hit him on the head and run for your life. During his last cruise Paul often had his locker full of crab meat and we are sure this is his favorite sea food, Doc performed many feats of strength down here such as whipping chairs through walls and so forth. Doc was one of the original members of watch III who stayed with it for his three years here. Whenever the Doctor was needed he could be found in his bunk listening to his "Tinker Toy." It is certain that he will hold the record as the most bunk occupying Middie for years to come. The Doctor provided a good many laughs while here, both during his skits in the football rallys and during the normal course of a day. All in all Doc should have a fabulous career in the ring upon graduation and some day we'll find his "Don't call me Doctor" in the book of famous quotations.

Propeller Club
Intramural Softball
Trinidad Rum Runners
K. P. Club

Midshipman
RAYMOND SHEA

13 EMERTON STREET
SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

Charles Antells favorite customer. The lil' fella was the coziest Middie to ever look at M.M.A. Known for his grasping of opportunities he was often heard to say "I don't know what use it has but its cheap and a good deal." Clever at pulling strings the little one instigated many humorous events inside these Ivy covered bulkheads. An expert handicapper Ronnie really cleaned up (??) with the Middies. Ray who had many interests in common with Don McKeen will probably start his own Package store upon graduation, thanks to his frugal buying and storing methods on our upper job cruise. Cozy made many sacrifices for his deals including a mid-nite swim under the Pier at Trinidad. Yes, "Sword Lines" will be proud to get this engineer upon graduation. Boy will he have deals for them.

Midshipman

DONALD SINCLAIR

28 HAWTHORNE STREET
W. SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS

Donster Monster! Don's charming smile always made friends with any one who knew him, especially at six in the morning. It was the Monster who took it upon himself to show the Youngies the ropes their first few days in school and they have really appreciated his kind interest in them. A charter member of the K.P. Don has added many hours of enjoyment to our meetings. The Donster will remember his Youngie days and his hiding places in the Scullary, Crows nest and on the Mississippi River. Yes, Don really scrubbed around. Don was also pretty handy with fire extinguishers and awoke many a Middie to that fact. In years to come, Don will probably achieve that hallowed position as custodian of the contaminated drain.

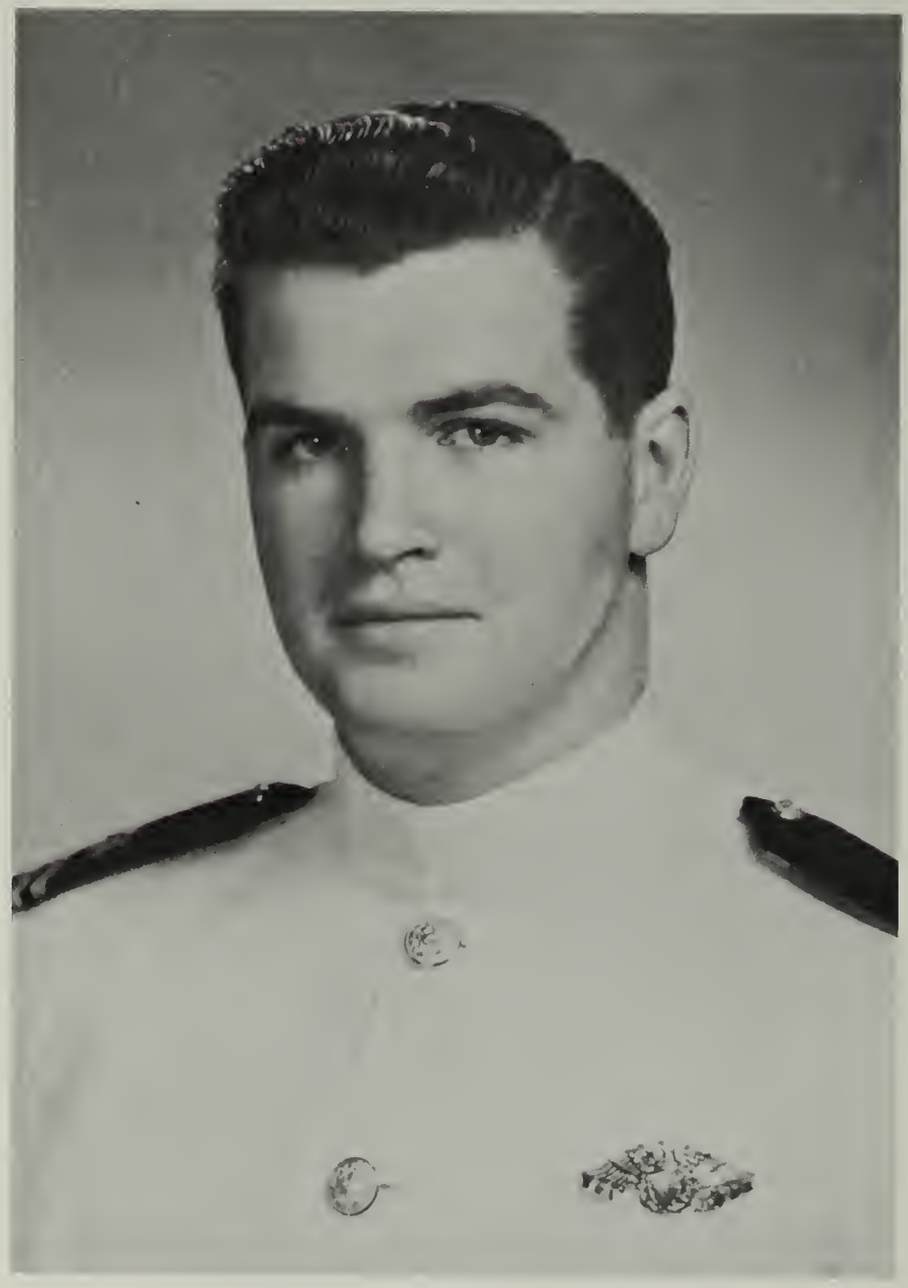
Var. Football
Intramural Sports
Propeller Club
Cadet Ensign
K. P. Club
Knotty Pine Volunteer Fire Dept.
Port Aisle
Honor Club
Trinidad Rum Runners
Ring Committee (Chairman)
Battalion Ensign

Midshipman
ROBERT M. COLLINS

4 PORTER STREET
SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

Platoon Leaders, dismiss your platoons, have your men fall in by sections etc. Every morning we hear Poopsie give us this friendly salutation. The "Boy with the Blush" he claims its just his natural color but we know different. The big Moose (Capt. of our great softball team) inspired us to many a victory. A string puller, Poopsie made many a statement for Bubby Duke's benefit. An original member of the Trinidad Rum Runners Bob really learned to hit the ground according to the Marines version. Bob was also a member in good standing of the Knotty Pine Volunteer Fire Dept. Poopsie who has the inside track on operators thanks to his affiliation with N. E. Tel and Tel. will long be remembered for his classic statements on his nightly parties with the troops.

THIRD DIVISION



Golf Team (Pro)
Propeller Club
Intramural Softball
Intramural Football
Rowing Team
Muster Staff
Honor Guard Ring Dance
Supper Club

Cadet Lieutenant
THOMAS H. PINEAULT

7 WINTHROP STREET
SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

Work, Work, Work! It seems that that's all this guy thinks about. No Youngie ever has cause to complain when Tom tells him to do something, because it's for sure that he's done the same thing himself at least three times before. A member of the infamous 'Big Three,' specializing in wayward eyes and midnight make-ups, things went quite easily for the boys during their stay here. A rather rare thing happened when the rates came out. Tom was rewarded for his hard work. This was definitely against the system, but no one deserved it more. As all the troops were sure he would, Tom did a real swell job as a division leader. His willingness to do whatever is placed in front of him will carry him a lot further than two stripes at M.M.A.

Propeller Club
Golf Team
Supper Club
K. P. Club
Intramural Softball
Intramural Basketball
Muster Staff
Ring Committee

Cadet Ensign
HAROLD H. GATELY

44 CEDAR ROAD
MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

"Hey Fellllas!—" Here comes Howie, spreading good cheer in his easy soft-spoken, wake-the-dead manner. Swaggering down the Pike from Medford, "Gate" spent one day at M.M.A. and loudly declared that it wasn't the place for him—and of course he's been here ever since. Maybe it was his great pleasure in needling Brud that induced him to stay, but whatever it was, we're sure glad he's still with us. Whenever things weren't going right, Howie would break into loud choruses of "Bluebird of Happiness" for the edification of the somber troops, and soon we'd be so busy jamming the young Jan Peerce out a porthole that we'd forget our troubles. Howie was a good shipmate, and a fine gentleman. Maybe it's all that spaghetti that gives him strength, but he sure looks like a winner from here.

Midshipman
JOHN N. FISKE

84 UPLAND ROAD
BROOKLINE, MASS.

Dear John, came to us from the narrow minded somewhat restricted, hallowed walls of Harvard. It was quite a change and although John seemed ready to give up at times, "I give away two cartons a week," he somehow made the grade.

John, although some of us refused to concede it, was a bit more refined than the rest of the troops what with his classical music and chess set he made us look foolish. John loved his classical music and listened to it whenever he could find the records. Appreciation of the finer things of life was not quite universal aboard the Chun.

All in all John bore up admirally and it was taken for granted you could find help from his quarter in a crucial exam.

Mr. Fiske is in the Navy now and we all hope he will be a success.

Midshipman
WARREN W. MacCALLUM, JR.

45 HOLBROOK ROAD
NO. WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

Little did Mac realize when he was a great C. P. O. over us during our second year, that he was destined to join our ranks before too long. Once his carbon arc went out, however, Mac soon proved to all that he could be a good friend as well as a good boss. Occasional letters from his sister gained a prominent place on the bulletin board. Mac's various female acquaintances intrigued the boys at odd hours. All in all Mac had a short but enjoyable stay with us. Best of luck in the Merchies!

Football
Baseball
Softball
Color Guard
Ring Committee
Muster Staff
Football First Committee
K. P. Club
Class President
Cadet Petty Officer
Propeller Club

Midshipman
JOHN PAUL McLAUGHLIN

255 HEATH STREET
JAMAICA PLAIN, MASSACHUSETTS

It's rather hard to find something to say about this guy. Not that it's a question of not having anything to say; oh no. The question is: Where do you begin? Paul came to us after a cool summer of potato peeling and deb wooing. Saying his goodbyes, he decided to give the middies a break. It didn't take long for this boy to draw a host of friends to his colors, and he was a cinch to be our class President. He and Slim soon formed the inseparable 'Gold-Dust' twins, a combination that was at the bottom of many of the humorous happenings at M.M.A. Mac soon tired of campus routine, but developed a few new 'toys' to pass his time away. Unfortunately both of his toys wore stripes, but this didn't phase our boy at all. Navy or Merch, there's going to be lots of laughs and more than a little success wherever this boy is.

Midshipman
ROBERT WALTER PRESTON

63 ASH STREET
BRAINTREE, MASSACHUSETTS

Clara Barton Preston, fresh from pharmaceutical activities in the U. S. Navy came down to administer to the hurts of M.M.A. Although Bob soon found that the Navy and M.M.A. are two different propositions, he became well-liked by the troops. His knowledge of religion soon made him an authority on these matters. Bob and Smitty could be heard arguing late into the night on various points of order. Bob's knowledge of Loran and Radar will stand him in good stead in the Merchant Marine.

Football Team
Rowing Team
Youngie Inves. Committee
Softball
Intra Basketball

Midshipman
EDWARD J. SOTTAK

39 YALE STREET
NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Here comes Ed Sottak. The only guy that made the upper jobs think twice before they told him to do something. With one arm he could very easily put an end to anyone's worldly suffering. Fortunately, the old story of 'all brawn and no brains' doesn't hold true here. Ed probably has more common sense than any other member of our class. Of course when reasoning with a guy doesn't work, Ed has other means at his disposal also. The joy of becoming an upper job left him breathless for a while, what with his 'Youngie Investigating Committee' but he soon settled down again to his usual pleasant self. We'd like to wish Ed luck in the Merchies, but it looks like Whiting has got another milkman. That's what love does to you. We still wish you the best, even if it is only the cream in the milk.

Midshipman
JOHN COLE RUSSELL

7 MALL STREET
SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

Old Red was sort of a mystery to us during our first two years at the Academy. By the time we turned first classmen, however, we discovered that he had come down to our level. Always a great one to have in charge of scrubdowns, his presence was welcome indeed on the cruise. His frequent evening sorties helped him make many new friends in our Armed Services—notably the Shore Patrol. Red turned out to be a good shipmate however, and well-liked by the boys. Lots of luck in the future.

Pres. Supper Club
K. P. Club
S. U. M. M. A.
Intramural sports, Football
and Softball
Rowing Team

Midshipman
JAMES L. SMITH

289 FRANKLIN STREET
WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

If you ever need an authority on *anything*, and neither Einstein nor Bob Doonan is around, may we offer the services of Midshipman Smith? If there is a Woman's Club or politician in your vicinity that has yet to meet its master, may we offer the services of Midshipman Smith? If you have yet to meet a person that will be a true friend no matter what, and will gladly take off his shirt to prove it, we can still give you Smitty. If you'd like to meet a guy that's able to keep Cupid in business all by himself, we're still offering. That's the kind of a guy Jim is. We like him. He could steal all our girls, talk our ears off, tear up all our shirts, and we'd still like him, and wish him the best of everything. That's the kind of a guy Jim is.

Band
Propeller Club

Midshipman
LEANDRO URCELAY, JR.

327 MT. PLEASANT STREET
FALL RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS

Lee took a while to catch up to the rest of us, seeing as he had to prove to a few people that he could do in two years what usually takes three. He showed them all right, and now he's showing us. We're glad that he's with us, though. It gives the troops a little prestige. It isn't every day that a paratrooper jumps into your midst. Sid and Lee soon got into the regular status where Sid is concerned; they weren't speaking. It seems that Lee had something to do with reveille every morning, and Sid took great pleasure in cocking a grimy ear to make sure our boy was on the job. Oh well, Lee has more important things to think about than a bugle call. Someday in the future, if you see a sleek yacht down in the Carib, look for Lee in the cockpit. He's got the stuff to go out and get that yacht, and we all know he will.

Football
Baseball
Propeller Club
Golf
Cadet Ensign
Honor Guard—Ring Dance
Intramural Softball, Football and Basketball
Night Mate—Trinidad
Rowing Team
Youngie Investigating Committee

Midshipman
HUGH P. WARD

136 ROCKLAND STREET
CANTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Here comes the can-ton cannon. One shot in the arm and you'll see what I mean. My shoulder still hurts where he hit me a year ago Christmas. Besides being one of the best looking guys in our class, he is easily the most reserved. He also happens to be one of the nicest. Broken into the routine under 'The Rock Ape' he knows how to take it, and can't quite understand why the youngies can't do the same. Although for quite sometime it appeared that baseball was going to top romance, true to the saying love finally pulled in front. We're not sure for how long, though because this guy thinks sports from morning to night. Whatever he does in the future, we know that his sportmanship and amibtion will carry him to the top.

Yearbook Advertising Staff
K.P. Club
Intermural Sports

Midshipman
DAVID W. ROSS

164 WALKER STREET
FALMOUTH, MASS.

Bitter, Bitter, Bogger. O'le Dave could be seen scowling or growling about up for'ud whenever he was'nt flaked out. It has been explained in some quarters that Dave deeply resented the intrusion of all these foreigners among his sacred bogs. Something to that effect anyway.

Dave could almost always be found with that shady friend of his from Falmouth. They commuted back and forth quite regularly together once we got into the drivers seat.

Poor Bogger got into a bit of trouble with some of our dearly beloved officers now and then which might have had something to do with his disposition.

Now and again some say he was only imitating his young man idol Dave Kaye. Whatever it was we forgive you. Don't we boys!—Aw Fellas.

Seriously, all kidding aside, Dave proved steady and capable and a good friend to any and all of us; a regular member of the troops. Good luck Dave. From all of us.

Var. Football (Capt.)
Var. Baseball (Capt.)
Var. Basketball
K. P. Club
1042 Club
Capt. Knotty Pine Volunteer
Fire Department
Cadet Lt. (Watch IV)
Propeller Club

Midshipman
ELTON SEAMANS, JR.

32 CHESTNUT STREET
WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

Hippity Blah! What do you mean Hippity Blah? An avid follower of Ted Williams and the Bosox Ziggy Mahoney Seamans was quite an athlete himself in his younger days at M.M.A. Whenever Zcdi shook that ton of meat on the hoof loose from his full back postion it was like dynamite exploding. Hippity has a rough job squeezing into a rack but when he gets there nothing jars him. The Captain of the K. P. Volunteer Firt Dept., Zig answered the call with alacrity and really saved the equipment that memorable nite. Even though he carries the weight of the Chun on his broad shoulders and broad *BACK* Eltee still has time to sit around the old hot stove and reminisce over a few tall cool ones about the days he was a kid and used to watch Ted belt them in the clutch.

Buzzards Bay Hunting and Fishing Association
Propeller Club
Var. Baseball
Intramural Softball
K. P. Club
Knotty Pine Volunteer Fire Dept.

Cadet Ensign
DAVID L. BURNHAM

130 WALLACE STREET
MALDEN, MASSACHUSETTS

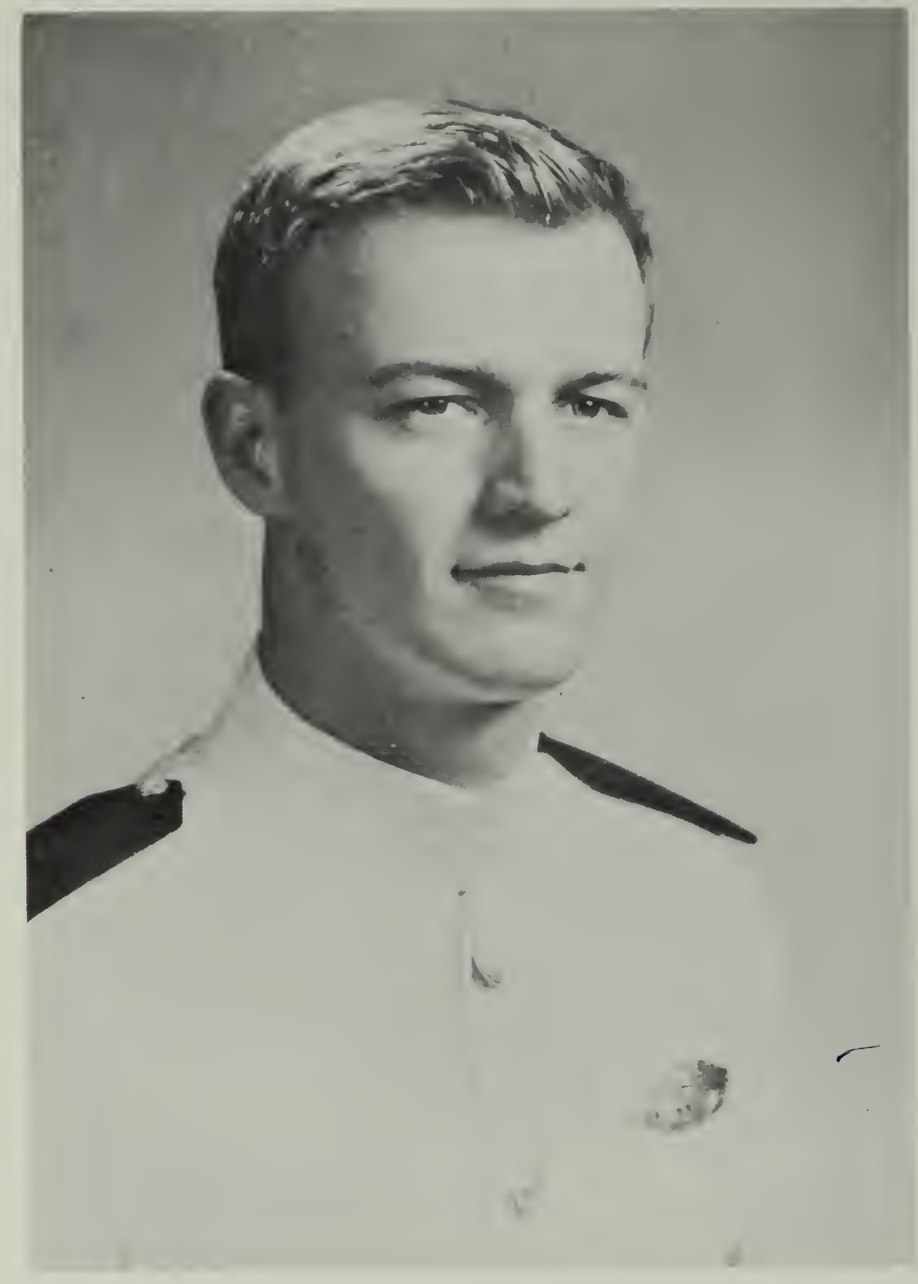
One wet September morning three years ago the fog lifted and a fishing boat that had been cast adrift from the banks of Nova Scotia bounched against the hull of the "Chun" and "Novi Dave" layed aboard. We soon learned that the "Man from the Gran Banks" could do anything from pouring bearings to acting as a volunteer fire fighter. Dave had many a tussle with the "Sandman" and "Uncle Sidney" during his sojourn at M.M.A. but in the end he fared out all right. We, his class mates need never fear in the future, for Novard will always keep us in fish no matter how hungry we may someday get.

Business Manager Yearbook Staff
Propeller Club
1042 Club
Port Aisle Horror Club
K. P. Club

Midshipman
FRANCIS J. BURGER

148 NO. BEACON STREET
WATERTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

Bee, By, Bo, Bug. The owl as he is known has been one of the hardest working and most conscientious Middies in the class. Without our praying mantis our yearbook would have never gone to press. To Frank alone goes all the credit for its success, Frank's sweet mellow voice will long be remembered humming "The Desert Song" as he took a shower. A member of Horror Corner Frank's verbal grips with the Turk would be heard long into the nite. If anything was ever wrong with a Middie, the Bug's medical chest would surely be of able assistance. Few of us will ever forget Franks tactful speeches in embarrassing situations. We secretly heard that he intends to enter the cacoon business upon graduation, but we doubt it. If he is responsible for this—he had better dig a hole and crawl in it!



1042 Club
Propeller Club
Port Aisle Honor Club
Intramural Sports
Yearbook staff artist
K. P. Club

Midshipman
WALTER JUODIS

115 SOUTHERN AVENUE
DORCHESTER, MAINE

Gobble! Gobble! This guy has to look out when Thanksgiving rolls around. The turkey always knows a guy who can put anyone you know to shame and the funny thing is, that he is usually right. He is an accomplished juggler and has astounded us with his feats of skill. One of the best instigators in the class he has been responsible for many unveilings in the port aisle. Joe's right hand man until they ran him out of Russia, Walt is now content to heckle the Irish. We have Walt to thank for the drawings and cartoons in the book and someday he should do pretty well as a commercial artists. That is when he and Frankie come back from the *black* continent of Africa.

Football Intermural
Softball Intermural
Propeller Club
Dance Committee

Midshipman
PAUL F. McCARTHY, JR.

203 ORCHARD STREET
WATERTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

"Hurummp! Hurummp! Why yes, I fly jets." These famous words, echoing for three years through the ivy-covered bulkheads of M.M.A., marked the presence of Purest Paul in our midst, it was a rare moment indeed three years ago when Festoon crossed the gangway in his white spats, gloves, silk scarf and monacle. Sadly he waved adieu to the elite 400 and joined the motley 200. Purest has the strength of ten because he is so pure. Many a day, when the wind was just right Paul could be seen soaring gracefully over the Chun with those self made wings of his. It was with great sadness that we saw Black Mac leave the Port Aisle Din, because he needed his hours of slumber. Yes, in years hence, few will forget his famous Hurummp! as he prepares to disortate on his varied and many subjects of conversation.

Var. Football (Co-Capt.)
Var. Baseball
Port Aisle Honor Club
Propeller Club
Century Club (Pres.)
Honorary Member, Medeira
Boxing Association

Midshipman
THOMAS S. McDONOUGH

163 H STREET
SOUTH BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

"Young Man!" YOUNG MAN!" What's the matter, can't you see me? I'm right here in front of you. Down here you idiot. "Oh sorry sir I thought you were a fire hydrant." Poor Stump, the kid from Easta Bos—(oops pardon me) South Boston is still trying for the 5′ 6″ mark and we don't mean in the high jump either. Mick proved a good captain for our football team and an excellent 2nd baseman (he could really get down on them ground balls). The only Middie on the ship to have a ladder to climb into a bottom bunk, the Stump put it to good use. Mick will surely make a good engineer in the Merchies as he will have no worry about hitting his head.

Var. Baseball
Var. Football (Trainer)
Propeller Club
Intramural Sports
K. P. Club
Knotty Pine Volunteer Fire Dept.
Port Aisle Honor Club

Midshipman
RICHARD J. O'LEARY

15 CEDAR STREET
MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS

"The Clifton Terror showed up one day three years ago after a salty career of pogi boating. Punt soon proved his ability in all subjects, especially First Aid in which he gave a practical demonstration in New York two years ago. One of the outstanding pitchers in the Cape Code league, the chubby, little, lefty racked up many a victory for Maritime in his illustrious career here, even chuckling under the handicap of a *broken toe* suffered swimming? one night. Punt has identified many vessels such as trawlers, draggers etc. that have passed through the canal and has yet to be wrong. We know in the years to come neither Walt Juodis or any of us others will ever forget Rick's amorous adventures on the Cape or any of the other moments of fun he gave us.

1042 Club
Intermural Softball
Intermunal Football
Intermural Basketball
Propeller Club
Port Isle

Midshipman
FRANCIS J. REZENDES

35 FAIRVIEW AVENUE
FALMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

People swear Frank joined us after the first cruise was underway. Known to most as "Lightning" Frank is one of the most decisive individualists in our class. He is one of the boys on the isle and the original "raggedy watch" during all three years. Our most sterling pitcher for the Duke A. C., he has excelled on the diamond at Harrington Memorial Stadium. Frank's a capitalist and a conservationist from way back, and he still holds the roll of half dollars he brought with him back in 1951.

The Strawberry festivals on the cape have been Frank's main form of entertainment for the past few years but if you're looking for him now he'll be in the Merchies.

FORMER CLASS MATES

BRUBAKER, ROBERT
Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania
Last to leave, January 1953, now attends University of Delaware

FISH, EDWARD
297 Ashmont Street, Dorchester, Massachusetts
Left in December 1951, now in U. S. Army

O'BRIEN, ROBERT
98 Auburn Street, Brockton, Massachusetts
Left in May 1952, now a Divinity Student in Defiance College, in Ohio

PETERSON, ROBERT
8 Red Springs Road, North Andover, Massachusetts
Left in June 1952, married, child. Serving in U. S. Coast Guard

FISH, LARRY
16 Hopkins Street, Leominster, Massachusetts
Left in July 1952, married, now in U. S. Air Force

TENNANT, JOHN
630 N. Chester Road, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania
Left in September 1952, now father of a daughter, attends
University of Pennsylvania

LARSON, ROBERT
24 Holmes Street, N. Easton, Massachusetts
Left in January 1951, serving in U. S. Navy

MULHERN, JOHN
49 Moulton Street, Newton, Massachusetts
Left in July 1952, attending Boston College

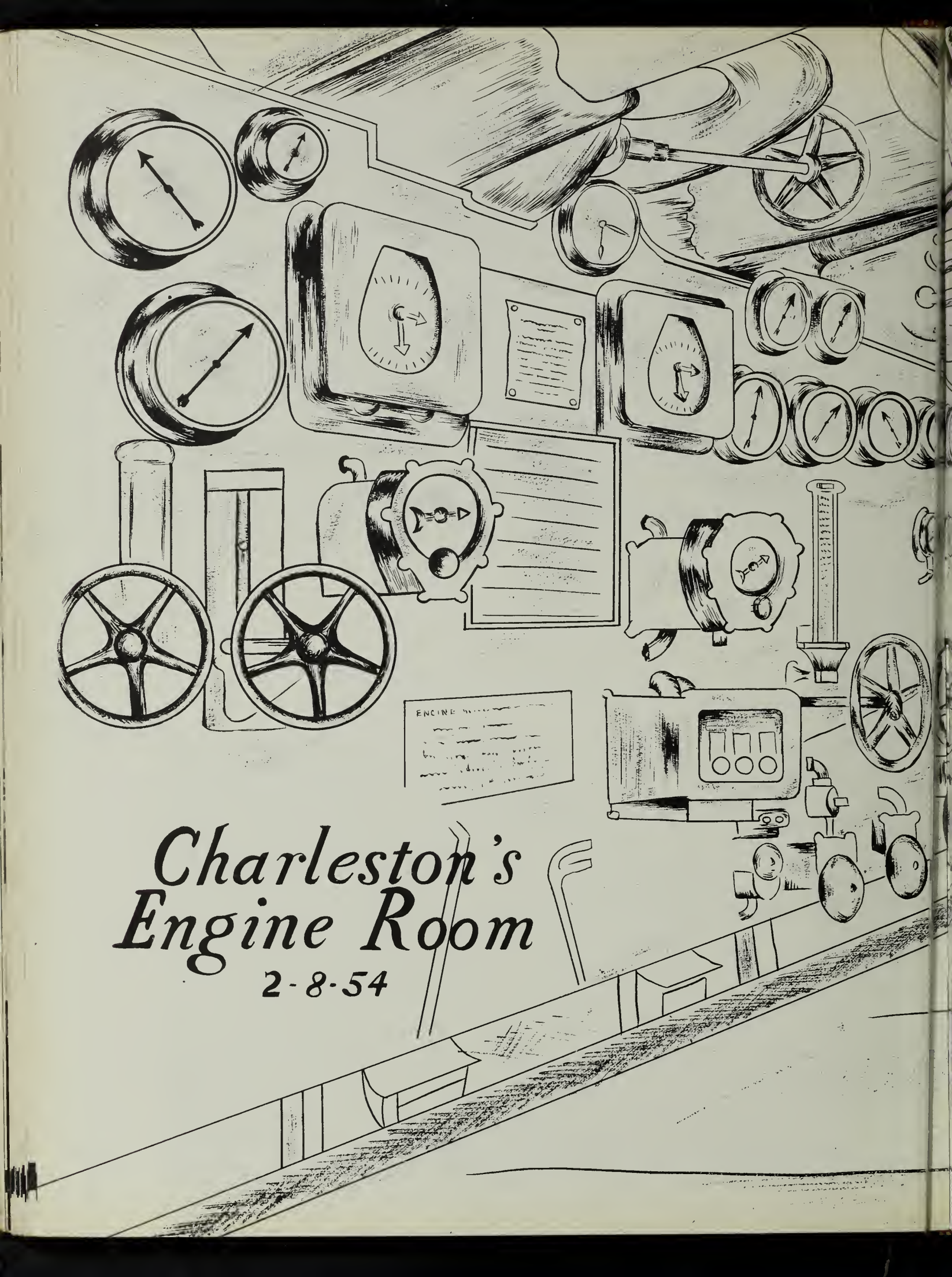
PENDERGAST, JOHN
Main Street, Hyannis, Massachusetts
Left in October 1951, now in U. S. Coast Guard

2nd CLASS DECK

2nd CLASS ENGINEERS

3RD CLASS DECK

3RD CLASS ENGINEERS

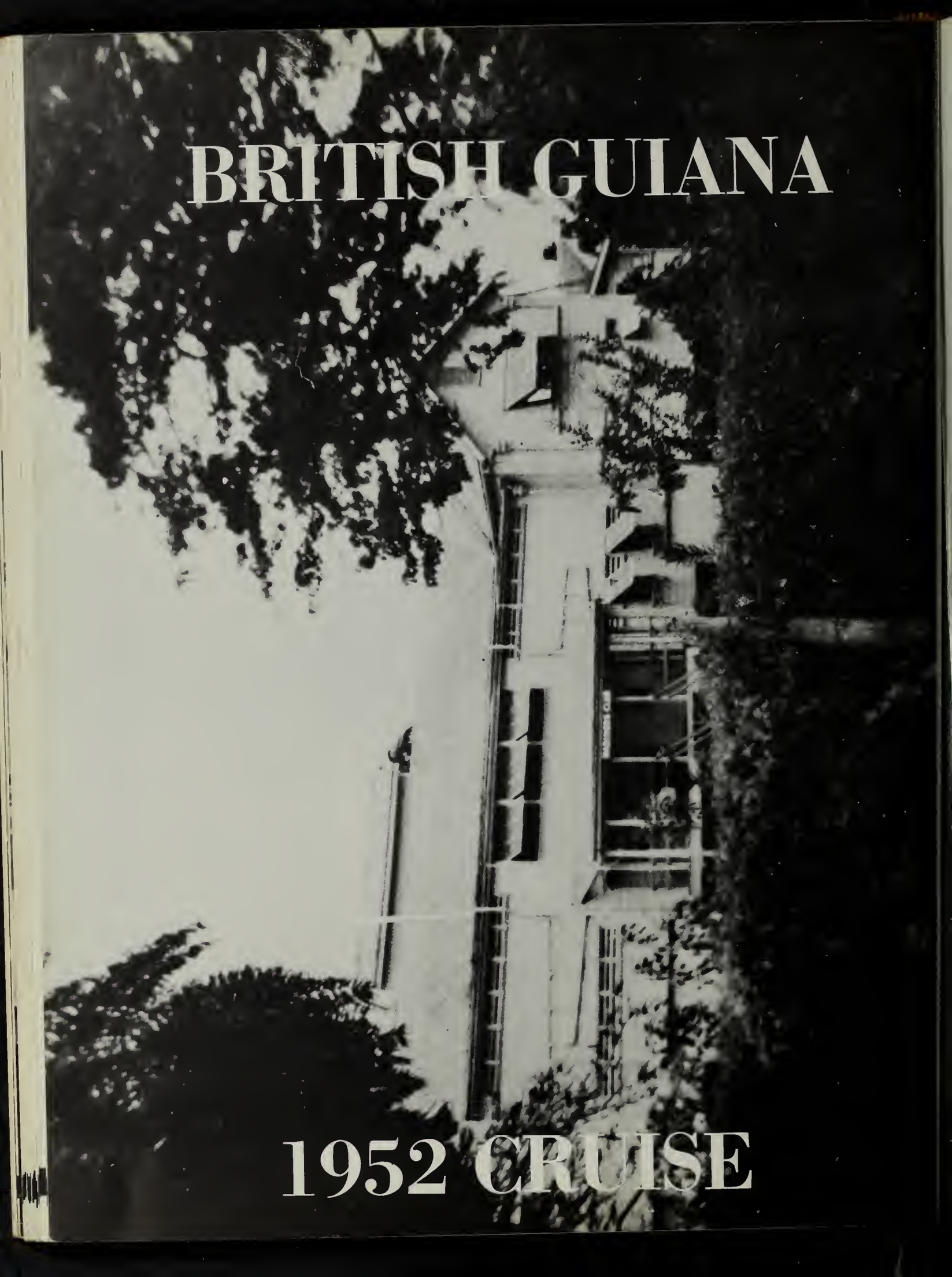


Charleston's Engine Room

2-8-54

Walt Disney

BRITISH GUIANA



1952 CRUISE

THE CLASS OF '54 PRESENTS

"DON WINDBLOWN OF THE MASSACHUSETTS NAVY"

OR

"MY THREE MONTHS AS A MESS COOK"—FIRST CRUISE

PROLOGUE

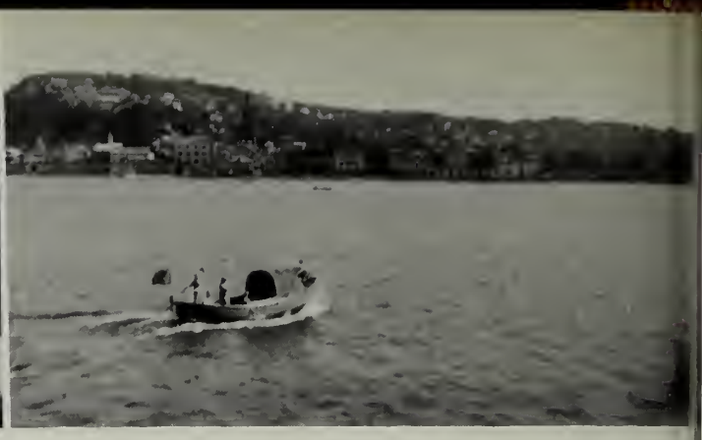
Now when I was a lad down on the farm,
And was rocked to sleep on my Mother's arm,
I had great dreams of going to sea;
The salty life was the life for me.
As I grew up I heard that far away,
There was a sea-dog school called M.M.A.
So with my bags all packed I went to learn the lore,
Never knowing I'd be a mess cook forever more!
Every other week right up to November;
Yes, I was a mess cook, right through December.
One day the "Charleston" no longer touched shore;
This was what I'd been waiting for!
Soon we'd sight the tip of foreign strands;
I'd taste the fruits of forbidden lands!

MARTINIQUE

Soon all was readiness to go,
But Sid said, "Son, go down below."
"Well I'm going to say goodbye to all, by heck!"
"Like heck you are! Back on the mess deck."
And for many days the wind did blow.
Mess cook or no, I went mighty low.
The only times the sea I spied,
Were when I was leaning o'er the side.
At last Fort De France came into sight;
The Lido Club was a welcome respite.
Fragrant perfumes and French girls fair,
Helped me forget that mess deck air.
But back on board and back to sea;
In two more days we'll sight B.G.

GEORGETOWN, BRITISH GUIANA

The Town was out in all its style.
From Mayor to Beggar they wore a smile.
And I, with the sardonic smile of a big-time crook,
Had somehow escaped from being a mess cook.
Yes, into the City of Georgetown,
Came White Girls, from many miles around.
The Bicycles, The Mariners' Club,
The Town was in a big hubbub.
Fast friendships, once made here,
Will be remembered for many a year.
It was sad to think, as we turned to sea,
That never again would we see B. G.
Ah, many young faces looked old and sad,
As we set our course for Trinidad.



NAVAL OPERATIONS BASE, TRINIDAD

Still daily was heard the cry not hesitant
"You there, Boy. Yes, Mess Attendant!"
We used to think it a rest sent from heaven,
To peel potatoes from nine to eleven.
But soon The Naval Base we did see,
And I was all set for more liberty!
The P.X., of course, was the very first call;
Good ice cream, good beer, good fun for all.
A tour around Port of Spain, and then,
A short request home for a quick five or ten.
The pitch lake was nice, the music much better,
And from my best girl, the very first letter.
Of course it turned out to be a "Dear John,"
But with a light heart, we still travelled on.

PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI

'Twas two days later, by the clock,
That we tied up to Haiti's Dock
Of course to me it was six meals more
That I had to do that unwanted chore.
But here was Haiti, where at one time,
They would take Sid's head for a nickel or dime.
Mountainous country, with strange Voodoo Rites,
Hot humid days, and cool sparkling nights.
Mahogany masterpieces, hand-rubbed too,
Could be had for a jack-knife—almost new.
More music gay, more sights to see;
The market place, the boats at sea.
The U.S.A. was out next stop.
To Galveston, a four day hop.

GALVESTON, TEXAS

So this was Texas, we'd wanted to see;
Us here for two days, and it raining for three.
Knee-deep in water, and sloshing around;
My uniform looked Like I'd slept on the ground.

And so this was Galveston, City of Sin;
The Maid on each corner, The Band's blaring din.
It is here, too where all the big oil wells stand,
Stretching into the water, right out from the land.
There is money here, or at least so they say;
But I'd rather go there on a cheerier day
'Twas a pleasanter ride on the following morn,
When we went up to Baytown, a place old and worn.
And there we secured, in the dawn's early nip;
Took on board enough oil for the rest of the trip.

VERA CRUZ, MEXICO

Well, out of the U. S. again we go
Down to neighboring Mexico.
At last all the mess cooks seemed really quite merry,
'Cuz that Good Texas water gave the crew dysentery.
Of course that meant no food for most,
While a few struggled by on tea and toast.
And many Napoleons came at last face to face,
With their Waterloos, in the guise of Spanish Lace.
Yes, the girls made a lot of sailors hearts roam;
Three Dances! Do we ever have to go home?
Fort Chapultapec, Mexico City too.
Everyone friendly, everything new.
Nice time, but back to the navy beans,
As we turned north for New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS

To be a mess cook on this day we were glad
For the tieing up gang really looked rather sad
Heaving lines on the roof, end then in the water;
A quick turn around, Oh my, how we fought her!
But soon off we went to see the place.
Bourbon Street; Rampart Street; what a pace!
Tulane University, sparkling and clean;
Eighteen-hole golf course, fragrant and green.
A little like Boston, with a real Old-World charm;
We didn't dream it quite this way—down on the farm.
And then Easter Sunday in Old Orleans Town—
Strong young midshipmen with heads all bowed down.
But The Charleston soon left with hardly a sound;
On that cold dreary Monday we were Jacksonville Bound.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

Now this was the very best time to me
No waitering at all, and a real nice calm sea.
Quite soon we were headed up the muddy Saint James.

"Only one that flows north"—That's what the Town claims.
And so this was Florida—Jacksonville.
All low-lying ground—not even a hill.
It seems there was trouble about some old cake,
So six o'clock liberty we all had to take.
And it sure looked like we were all in for some fun,
'Cuz the guy to gal ratio there is about Nine to One!
But at least we were shown on a very nice tour;
Marineland, The Airbase, The Florida Shore
The Young Ladies gave a Dance on our very last night.
But soon we left town on our long homeward flight.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Well into our freshly-cleaned blues we got dressed,
And needless to say we were all quite impressed;
For this was Washington, our Capitol Town,
With Cherry Blossoms, still Fluttering down.
The big wide streets, the hurrying busses,
The tooting of horns, the cab-drivers curses.
Yes, This Was America, A Wonderful Place.

New Bedford! We waited for acclamation
Why Sid even let me leave my station
But, alas and alack, we had made such a race
That we found at the docks not one welcome face
And so with a garbage paid clutched tight in each hand
I was shocked to bump into a big brass land
You're arrived much too early, the authorities said
Well I wished, I had just dropped dead
For here came the parents, relatives and friends
And me with the garbage at each of the ends
My father was shocked, my sister regaled
If I'd gotten hold of Sid, I would've been jailed
It would have been quite horrible for you to see
To have to finished like that, The Cruise of '52.

Goodbye, oh mess deck with all your noise
Goodbye to the rancos cry of "Toys"
I've peeled my last potato
I've squeezed my last tomato
I don't feel bad, I'm not even sad
To say goodbye to Sid, In fact I'm very glad
Next year Sid will cry to you mess jobbers
"Let the scrubbers get ahead of the swabbers
And now that mess days are through
Let me pass on a little tip to you
In spite of the rigor, the pain and the strife
These still are the happiest days of your life.

ROME

1953 CRUISE

SECOND

On a bleak, cold February 5th, the Chun pulled away from the fuel pier in East Boston and pointed her sleek bow for Europe. Yes, we were scheduled to visit the land across the pond on a cruise that promised to be rich with knowledge and humor.

Our first port of call after a couple of days of getting our sea legs again was the sunny paradise of Bermuda. Few will forget the events in Bermuda such as our social gatherings with the M.P.'s and Air Police. Yes, a good time was had and though it was our first port with many to come, we were rather reluctant to leave.

Ahead of us was ten days of nothing but sky and water but the time passed quickly and finally one moonlit night the impressive and ominous silouette of the Rock of Gibraltar hove into view.

After running circles around the Rock throughout the nite (we were looking for the

CRUISE

Prudential sign) the Chun entered the harbor on Washington's Birthday. We were indeed impressed when the H.M.S. Vanguard, H.M.S. Implacable and the H.M.S. Infatigable dressed ship for us in Washington's honor, but since there was work to be done, the Chun ignored the 21 Gun salute and went right on chipping paint. Other than this act of rudeness to England's largest Battleship and two Air Craft Carriers a tremendous time was had, what with trips to the top of the Rock and the antics of the Rock Apes.

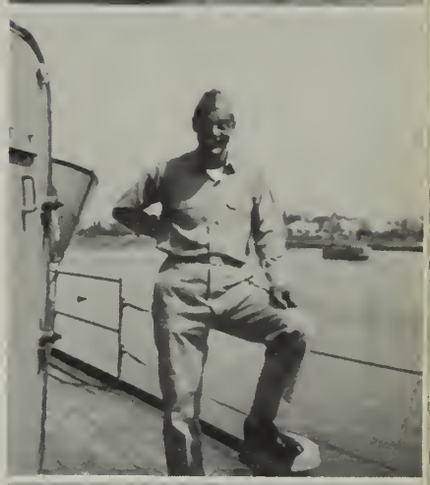
In the new port of call, Malaga, Spain, the Middies came into their own, as dances were held and everyone became well acquainted with at least one or two Spanish Senoritas. Alas the bull fight season had not started but the Middies managed to find excitement in other interests. The adios were not sad however asthe French Rivera was the next port of call. Wish I was back over there.

SECOND

On a beautiful sunny morning we steamed into the harbor of Ville Franche where we were welcomed by the U. S. Cruiser, U.S.S. Newport News. Trips to Canes, Nice and Monte Carlo filled the Middies with all the glories they had heard about France. A couple of the troops won't forget Willie the sailor and his sight seeing tour of Ville-France, nor; Millie, the dancer at the Caramel. A wonderful port, many of the guys would have been content to end the cruise right there.

Three days later we sailed under the foreboding shadow of Mt. Vesuvius into the Bay of Naples and tied up along side the U.S.S. Pittsburgh and the U.S.S. Adirondack. Here indeed was a wonderful port. Anything from Beretta's to Music Boxes could be had for a

CRUISE



few packs of cigarettes and the Middies made the most of this golden opportunity.

A couple of guys renewed old friendships with hometown buddies off the U.S. ships and of course these friendships were renewed under unusual circumstances.

Most of the Battalion took advantage of overnite liberty and journeyed to Rome where they saw the never to be forgotten sights of St. Peters and Vatican City. Other trips included the Isle of Capri, Sorento and Pompeii where the Middies had a chance to brush up on their ancient history. Long after, many of us agreed that Italy was about the best part of this cruise. All too soon with a sad "Good bye" we set our course for Tunis in North Africa. This port with its foreign smells, Arab quarter and French Foreign Legionnaires was very

SECOND CRUISE

different but with the exception of our attempting to displace a cement dock this stay was uneventful and we were only to glad to leave.

Back to Gibraltar for refueling and St. Patricks Day. Ah yes, a great time was had that nite "Erin-go-Bragh" and all that. This time the guys did quite a bit of shopping and brought home many souvenirs. We left the rock and anchored at the island of Madeira. A real good time was had here as many of us made a special visit to see Ann Blyth (or her twin) and also to sled down the sloping rock cliffs of the island.

Again we were off and after another uneventful trip we tied up in San Juan, Porto Rico. Most of our liberty here was spent in relaxing on the Navy Base with its swimming pools, P.X.'s, and snack bar.

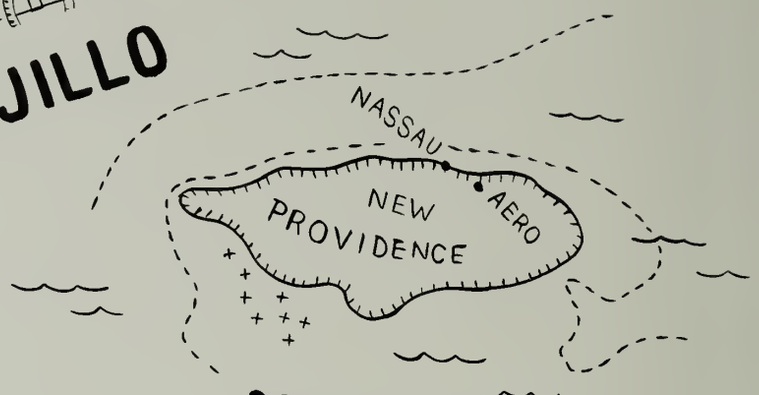
A few of us fortunates met a certain chief who took very good care of us and for whom we hold a special place in our hearts.

We left San Juan and headed north until we entered the Potomac and saw the Capitol in the distance. Again, we secured at the Wilson Line Docks and again for the second straight year it began to pour rain for days. After three days in Washington and after tearing apart the dock on leaving we wasted no time in arriving in Boston.

We arrived on the 22nd of April to find many of our folks waiting for us at Commonwealth pier.

Two days later the Chun returned to Buzzards Gulch, the throbbing engines dead, the Rudders were stilled and once again all reigned quiet and serene on Cape Cod Canal for the Middies were home again.

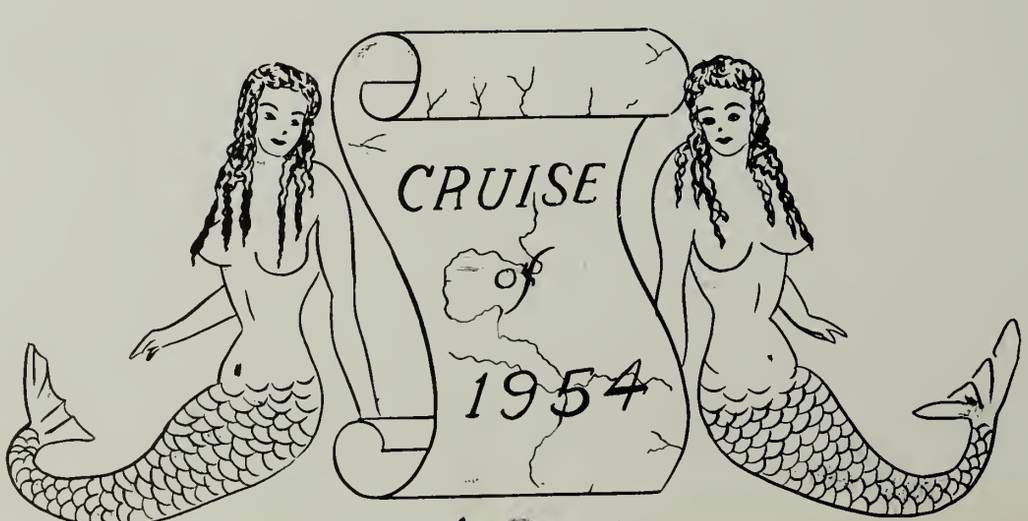
CUIDAD TRUJILLO



NASSAU

BOSTON

FT. LAUDERDALE



Walt. Disney

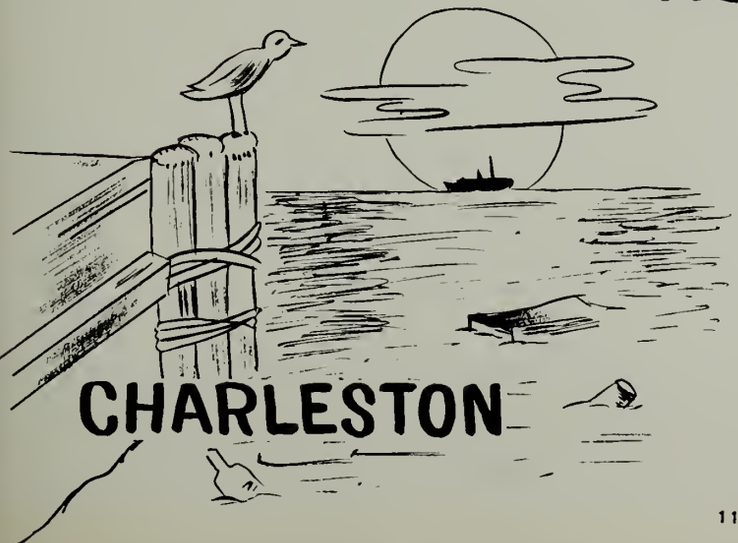
BARBADOS

TRINIDAD

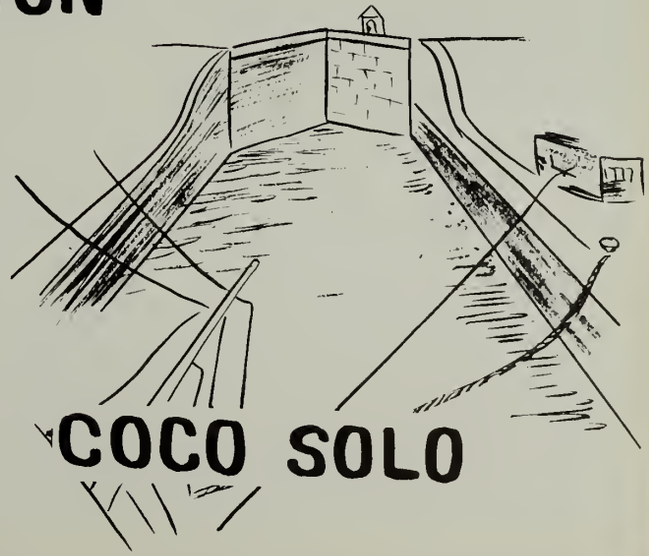
HAVANA

HOUSTON

LA GUAIRA



CHARLESTON



COCO SOLO

It was cold, even for the fifth of February, and darkness was closing in as the "Charleston" pulled away from the Naval Fuel Pier in East Boston on the start of her '54 cruise. Before too long the bad weather caught up to us and gave us quite a ride all the way South. Although we were now-upper-classmen, and supposed to be used to such vagaries of the elements, everyone was glad to see Ciudad Trujillo five days later.

The city is the capital of the Dominican "Republic," a dictatorship presided over by the Trujillo family, for which the city is named. Steeped in tradition, Columbus is supposed to be buried here (a claim also made by three other countries.) The oldest church and the oldest University in the Western Hemisphere are located here, however, what with mahogany and human curiosities, it was a good start to our Caribbean cruise.

It was raining out the morning we anchored in Bridgetown, the capitol of Barbados. The town was really ready for us. Every type of party ever invented was thrown for us. Beach, picnic,

dance, cocktail, private; you name it, they had 'em all. The American Consul was most kind to all the visitors. The Mariner's Club made us all life members. Sentiment was running high for a permanent stay, but after three days of wonderful hospitality we raised anchor and headed our good ship for Trinidad.

Passing through the famed Dragon's Mouth directly after breakfast, the Charleston was tied up alongside No. 1 Fuel Pier of the U. S. Naval Operations Base by ten o'clock. Having been here before, we knew enough to make a beeline to the C.P.O. Club as soon as we left the ship. Steaks, ice cream, and real fresh milk were a mecca for the hungry midshipman. Several of the more curious ventured into Port au Spain, the capital of Trinidad and a big tourist attraction. The City is famous for its steel bands and calypso atmosphere. After a three day visit we turned our ship South again.

La Guaira, the seaport for Carcas, Venezuela, was the high

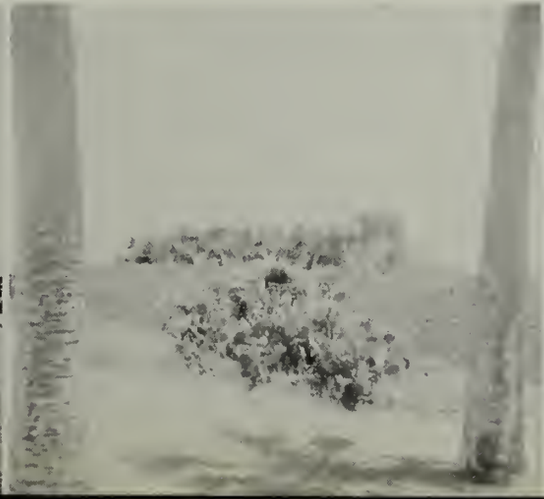
spot of the cruise for a good number of midshipmen. Although this country is much more expensive than our own, the boys soon had a way around this. Xavier Cugat playing at the brand new Hotel Tamanaco in Caracas, received us with open arms. Several others were the guests of private families during their stay. We had seen a lot of hospitality during our three years on cruise, but Mr. Cugat and others made it fade into insignificance. We all marvelled at the tremendous building drive in the city. A new highway sliced through the mountains between La Guaira and the capital. Our four-day stay produced many friendships, as well as a new respect for our neighbors to the South.

The Navy Base at Coco Solo was our host during a four day stop in the Canal Zone. In spite of frequent skirmishes with the Marine gate guard, we did manage to get out into the town of Colon. The Panama Canal in operation was a very interesting thing to watch, and was enjoyed by all. Colon being a tax-free port, many items of high value could be bought cheaply, especially the

400 day clocks. After a four-day stop the ship left for Havana, the tourist's paradise.

Famous Morro Castle was passed to port one bright morning after a pleasant four-day passage. The Charleston was soon secured to the Ward Line Dosk near the center of the city. Havana proved to be a very interesting, but a little too commercial for the economy-minded midshipmen. Famous restaurants and bars, made themselves familiar to our curious eyes. A visit to the Cuban Naval Academy made us realize what the real military life is like. It was nice to know that we had finally gotten to see the capital of the tourist world.

The Houston Ship Canal eventually brought us to the second-largest port of the South, fifty miles from the open sea. Our first taste of the states after a two-months absence was enjoyed by all. This is where the biggest of everything comes from. Many long-distance wires hummed as several got an even closer taste of home. Ice cream and fresh milk sales went up appreciably



during our stay. A real Texas Bar-B-Que and dance arranged by the Red Cross made our four-day visit most enjoyable.

Nassau is one place that, as far as we are concerned, certainly lived up to its reputation. Many rich Americans, vacationing on the island, were only too happy to share their "meager" fare with the midshipmen. The Middies code of "Our hands shall never touch our wallets," was easy to keep intact here. A tour of a real monastery, plus a dance tendered us by the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire added greatly to our enjoyment of the Bahama Islands.

Florida's Gold Coast stretched to the North and South of us as we tied up at Pier No. 3 in Port Everglades. Miami Beach was a mere 25 miles to the South, so many of us went down and took a closer look at one of the most famous cities in the world. There was much to do about Fort Lauderdale, however, since many college girls on vacation were casting about for eligible males. One of us was carried away with a misconception of the amount of liberty

allowed, but we still had a great time.

Charleston the port for which our fair vessel is named, perhaps is better left unwritten. Too many thoughts were on Boston to be interested in Charleston, and the telephone lines indicated such. Nevertheless, many residents stopped down to see the ship the Navy had given to the "damnyankees", and all were pleasantly surprised. All in all our stay in the city gave us a much-needed rest before the last—and most important leg of our journey.

As in past years, the great mystery occurred again. Nantucket was sighted twelve hours ahead of schedule. The "M.M.A. Current" had come up from the depths as hoped for. As a result we anchored off our destination for the night. Pulling-boat races were a favorite topic of discussion, but nothing ever did come of it. And so at eight-thirty the next morning, amid a few welcome shouts of "Back already?", the faithful Chun bounced once then grabbed tight to the bulkhead of Commonwealth Pier. Our last had come to an end.

FOOTBALL FOIST

MARINERS

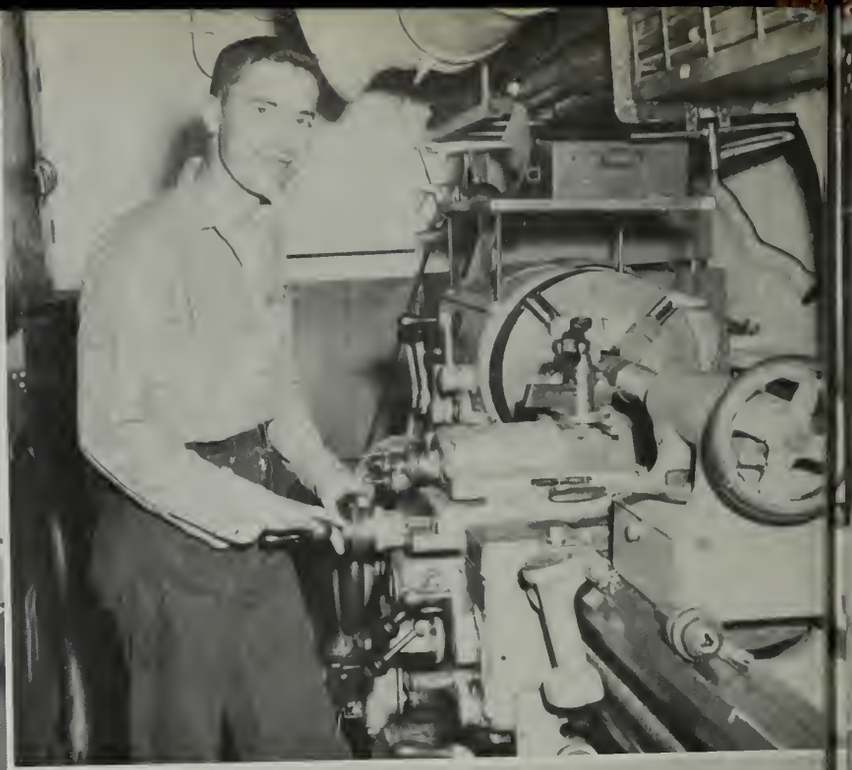
THE SQUAD

Backfield: Greene, Duggan, Seamans, Flynn D. J., Brennock, Line, Berry, Collins, Ward, Flynn E., Scanlon, Wallace, Ducharme, Collis, Healy.

1953

THE SCHEDULE

MMA		OPPONENTS
14	Nichols Jr. College	0
14	Newport Naval Train. Sta.	12
20	Fort Devens	7
51	M.I.T.	0
6	Dean Academy and Jr. Col. ...	0
6	Philips Andover Academy	14
35	Maine Maritime Academy	6
146		39



THIRD CLASS

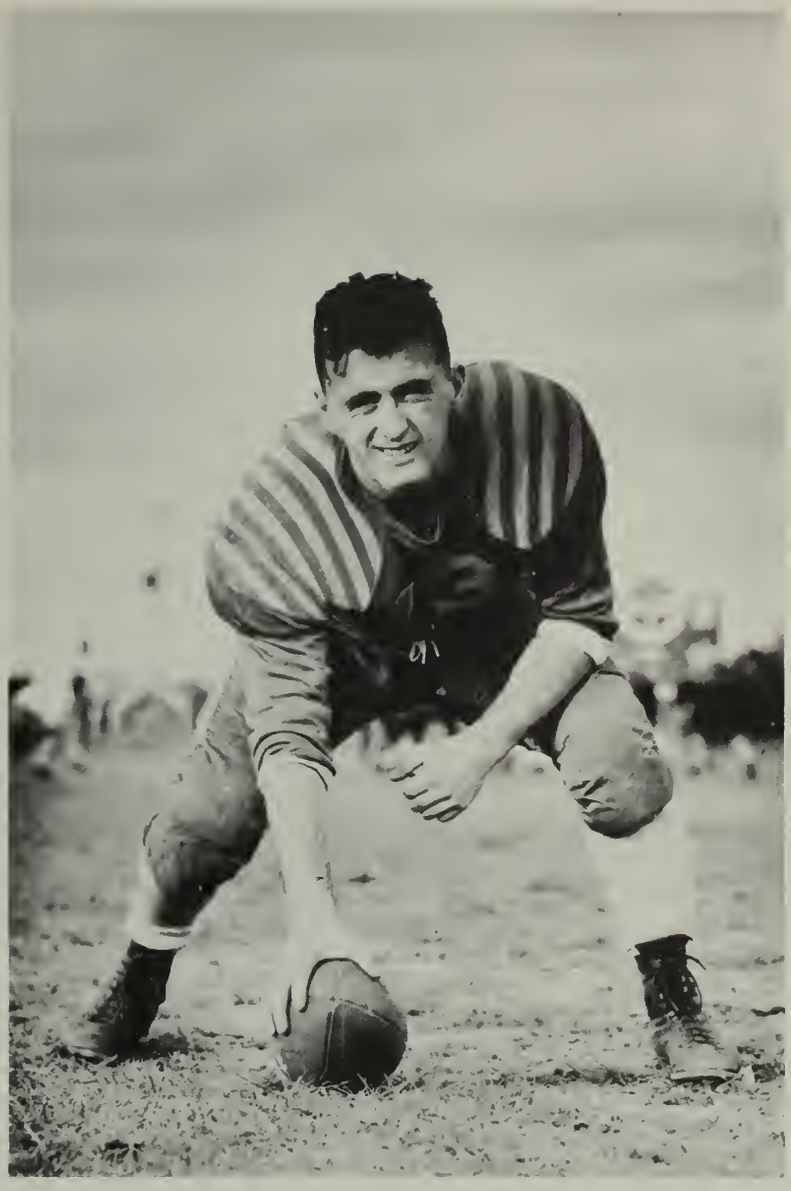
Co-Captain Ziggy Seamans and Assistant Coach Bob Brennan.

THIRD CLASS YEAR

Starting to break into bigger and better competition the unknown "Mariners" in 1952 began one of their toughest schedules. Putting on the blue and gold for the first time and fresh off the winning high school teams were the boys in which the team was to be built around for the next three years, Bobby Duke, Richie Sullivan, Mickey McDonough, Bob Peterson, Ziggy Seamans, Bob Collins, Mario Ciaramaglia, Huey Ward, Sonny Scanlon, Brud Healy, Ed Fish, Larry Fish, Bob Larson, Herbie Jones and Pete Dupuis.

This too was the year that famed "Football Foist Committee" was organized. This was the beginning of a new era at M.M.A. where with the backing of the entire academy under the efforts of the "Committee' the team and spirit grew up together. Although not an impressive record was achieved in the final statistics the "middies bite" was beginning to make it's mark on their opponents. Starting off with an impressive tie in the opening game the boys went on to add two more victories and another tie before they were through. Few of the players will forget the two trips to New York or the one to our neighbors in Canada, played in a driving snowstorm.

SECOND CLASS



SECOND CLASS YEAR

Determined to make up for past mistakes and looking for just that added push they needed our boys started off their second and even harder test. Losing one of the best linemen the Academy will ever have, Bob Peterson left our ranks before the start of the season. This alone was enough to break the heart of any coach along with the loss of both Ed and Larry Fish.

Having scarcely two days practice the Middies lost a heartbreaker to an undefeated Andover eleven. Although losing by two touchdowns the team had shown what they were capable of doing.

Next on the list was a strong Northeastern team which managed to squeeze out a two touchdown victory on a wet miserable afternoon.

After these two disgusting losses the Middies traveled to New York and pounded out a decisive win over a helplessly stunned and out classed Long Island Aggies club on the following weekend.

With the fresh taste of victory under their belts and filled with the spirit that football rallies had instilled in them the Mariners went up to Franklin and walked off the field with a stunning upset over Dean Academy on their Homecoming day.

Again misfortune hit us and we went down to defeat at the hands of a highly trained and polished Newport Training Base team.

In our final game of 1952 we played host to our traditional rival, Maine Maritime at Danvers where we again went down in a hard fought contest.

We said next year would be the one and indeed it was as definite plans were being drawn up for the coming year.

BRUD HEALY

BOB COLLINS

EDDIE SOTTAK

MAL MacLEOD

FOOTBALL 1953

In the middle of August, the Mariners started practice for what was to be one of their most memorable seasons. We had a wealth of material, a pair of good coaches, and a difficult schedule which would tend to keep us pointed for every game.

Returning to the varsity for their third year of competition were six first classmen, led by Co-captains Ziggy Seamans and Mickey McDonough and also Brud Healy, Sonny Scanlon, Eddie Sottak and Bob Collins. These boys were determined to make their last season at Massachusetts Maritime a winning one.

The ball club was also strengthened by an outstanding group of athletes just entering in the third class.

One incident however took place which gave most of us a bad feeling. This was an operation on Bob Duke, our varsity left end, three days before the start of the season which forced him to hang up his cleats for the year. Also the decision of our two guards, Richie Phelan and Richie Sullivan to give up football was a tough break for us.

However considering all the good and bad breaks, the season turned out to be the best in the history of the school.

FIRST CLASS

Co-Captain Mickey McDonough

At last the dream was beginning to come true, under the new ruling eliminating free substitution the Middies small squad was now on equal footing with their larger opponents.

Under the leadership of Co-captains Ziggy Seamans and Mickey McDonough, the strongest team in our history was now rounding into shape. Blessed with a wealth of talent six 3rd classmen made the starting eleven. During the first weeks of practice the winning spirit was picked up by all three classes.

With two hard weeks of training and a rally behind them the ball club traveled to Webster where they defeated a strong Nichols Jr. College club under lights for their first victory of the new season.

This was all the team needed for this made us certain that this was to be a winning year.

On the Thursday night of the following week at a terrific rally the officers and their wives wished the Mariners all kinds of luck for their game with the Newport Naval Training Base. Going into the dressing room at the half, two touchdowns behind, they received a "Rockne Special" and came from behind to topple the polished "Ilanders." It was too early in the season to realize what had happened but we had given them their only defeat of the season.

Without any break another strong service team had to be dealt with. With the big question in mind, how can the middies with an enrollment of 172 pick out eleven men that can stand up against more experienced men that the base teams could offer. The "Doggies" found out soon enough as their tails were dragging when "heads up" ball playing by the middies kept them well out in front. Final score M.M.A. 20, Ft. Devons 6.

For the first time in the academy's history we were entering the next game as the favorite instead of the underdog. The predictions were correct as M.I.T. was swamped with new boys given a chance to show what they had. The score 51-0 was the highest score ever registered by a Maritime team.

Having shown their power they traveled to Dean Academy to perform on Dean's homecoming day. With seconds left to play the Mariners pulled it out to darken Dean's day.

Now the talk of "going all the way" was heard around the ship. By now Boston was hearing of the winning streak that the middies had established. The following game was scheduled with Harvard but two days before the game a letter reached the ship with the news that their squad had depleted to a meager 63 men and would not be able to play us. This was very discouraging to the entire academy but this episode only furthered more spirit in the team and the "Harvard Boys" were forgotten in the final drills in preparations for the meeting with deadly Andover.

Facing a well-trained Andover eleven the boys gave it everything they had. Trailing by one point in the last quarter Andover pulled ahead and went on to hold the lead. Never outfought throughout the entire game many tears were shed as the middies met their first and only defeat of the season.

Co-Captain Ziggy Seamans.

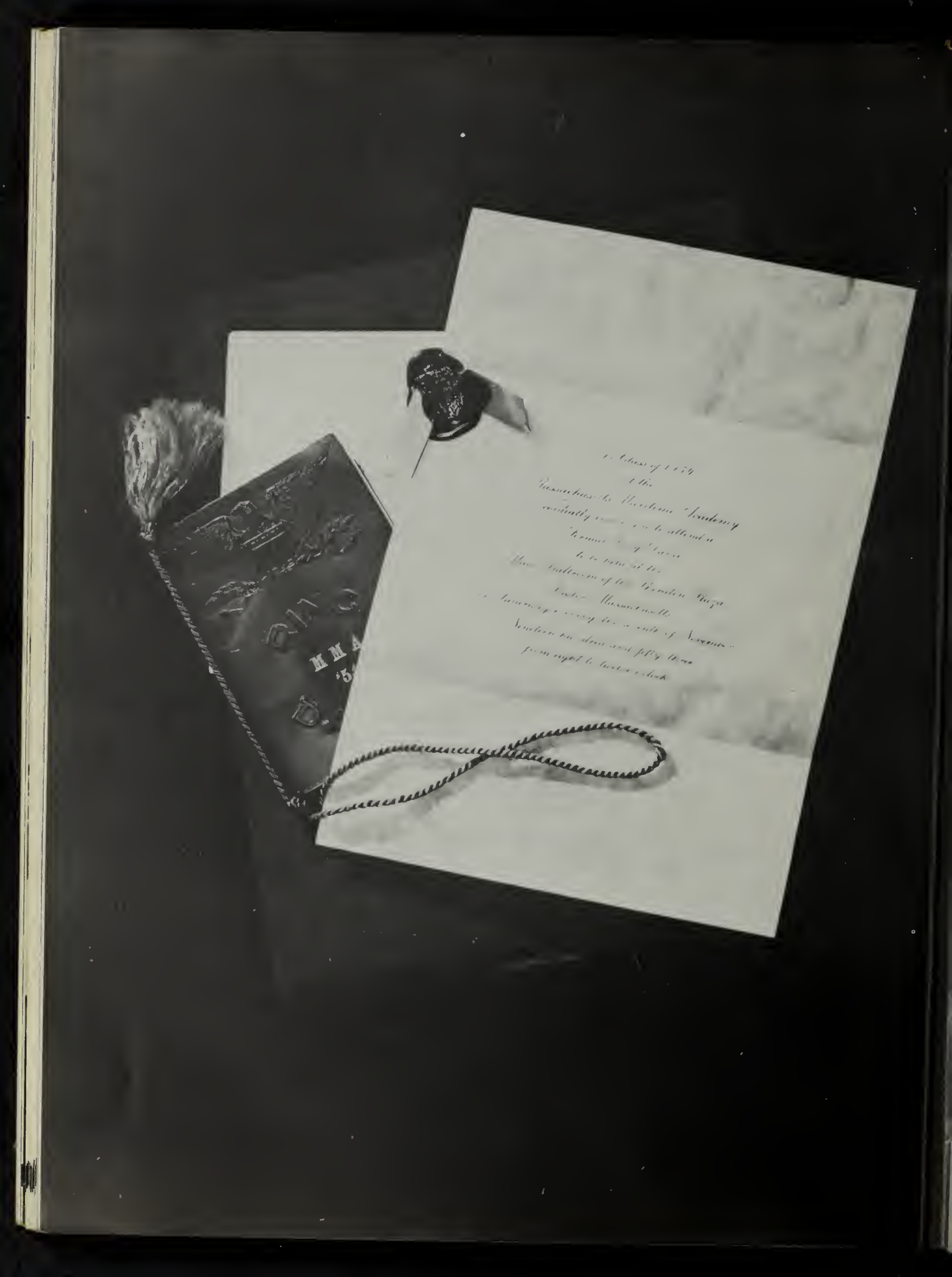
Downhearted by their loss to Andover the Mariners looked ahead to the coming contest with their rivals from Maine. The night of the trip to Castine the entire academy marched out to the Community building in town and the biggest rally the school has ever seen was put on. With all the good wishes of the officers and crew the team left on their mission. Playing on Maine's home grounds the half ended in a tie. Settling down in the last half and receiving encouragement from upperclassmen who knew what this game meant the Mariners turned the game into a rout. After the game the locker room turned into a bedlam for the middies were very proud of their job well done. Thus ended the most successful year in the Academys history. The boys had shown what they were capable of doing and although missing an undefeated season by one game a definite example has been set and more championship teams will follow.

MARINERS 35 MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY 6

The Middies from Massachusetts bounced back from the ranks of the defeated to completely overpower their arch rivals from Maine. Maine scored first late in the first quarter. Tom Duggan sneaked over from one yard out early in the second quarter to tie it up. The half ended at 6 all. In the third quarter the Mariners went to work; Harry Wallace caught a Maniac in his end zone for 2 points. Maine kicked out Don Flynn taking the ball on his own 45 and raced right up the middle for the score. When Massachusetts had possession of the ball again, Flynn carried for the touchdown around end, a distance of 15 yards. Captain Seamans scored the next one and Flynn followed this one up with his third of the day. The game ended shortly after and saw Massachusetts on the winning end of the highest score yet in the eight year series.

ZIG OUT FOR A PASS.

BRUD KICKS OFF.



RING DANCE

The social highlight of a Midshipman's career is of course his senior ring dance. The Greatest care and preparation are employed to make this our most memorable affair.

This year the Dance was held at the main Ballroom of the Sheraiton Plaza Hotel with Bob Batchelder and his Orchestra doing the musical honors. Always an impressive sight, the guard of honor with their white gloves, spats and web belts provided a military aire to the ceremony.

Admiral Wilson eased any tension at the commencement of the rite with his anecdote about the origination of the ring ceremony. He reminded the Midshipmen that previously there had been no such affair but instead the boys threw each other into the brig. This was abruptly discontinued when one of them failed to come up. Immediately the Commissioners discontinued this dangerous ritual and for it they substituted the somewhat milder and much more desirable Ring Dance. The midshipman and his date walk to a binnacle placed under a splended wreath of carnations in the form of a ring and the girl places the middies ring upon his finger and seals it with a kiss signifying that he is married to the sea. They step through and dance until the last man has passed through the ring. Our thanks go to the Dance Committee for their untiring efforts which made this the most outstanding ring dance ever to be held at the academy and one never to be forgotten by those in attendance.

DANCE COMMITTEE

RING COMMITTEE

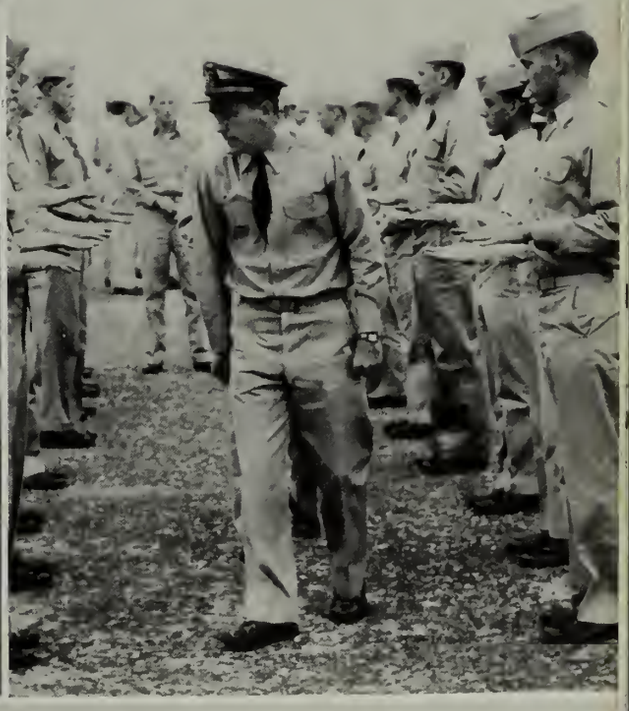
Since all of us are prone to gripe now and then about our school, it is interesting to hear what others think of us. Mr. Shigeki Koite, an instructor at Hiroshima Mercantile Marine High School spent several weeks with us during the fall semester. He also visited several other maritime institutions. Here is his impression of our school. I quote:

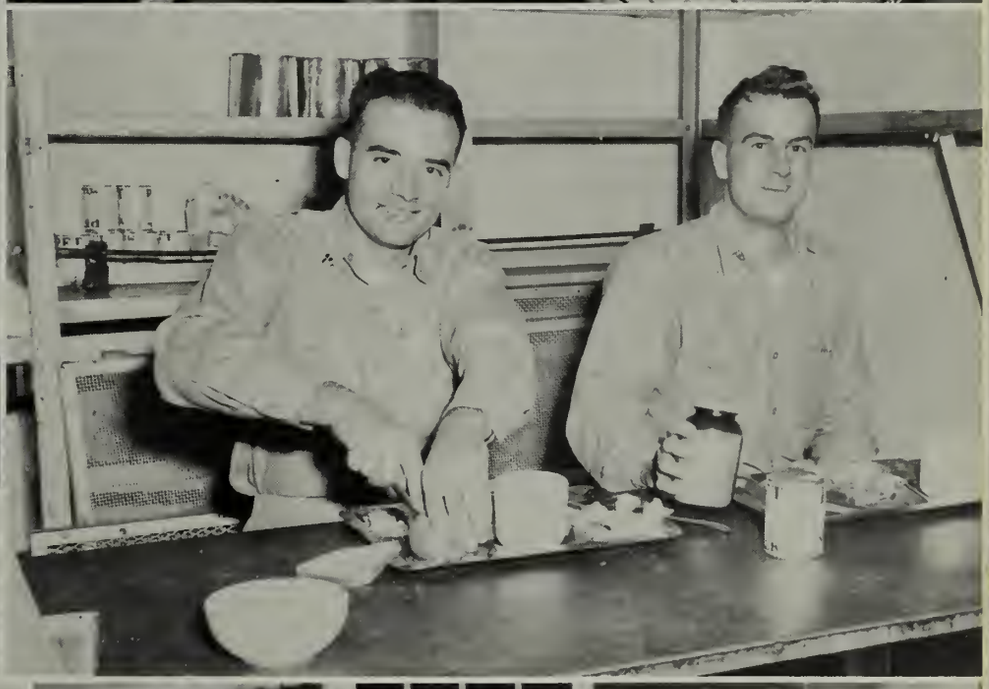
"I am impressed that the students' manner is very good, and the life of them is enough punctual to be seamen in the future. They are dressed always neat and clean, and their actions smart. I am especially impressed that the drill and dress at inspection are in the regular manner, and the ceremony of raising the national flag is gravity. Actual engines are used with the demonstrations, and this is very admirable to us. The setup is ideal."

It appears that the things which we hate to do the most make the biggest impression. Stand straighter next time.

HOME

LIFE





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"When you feel on the bum an' the outlook is glum
An' you're wondering what's coming next
When everything's dreary an' life loses its cheer
An' the Skipper and First Luff are vered—
If this tropical South puts you down in the mouth
Till your shipmates, they ain't even speakin',
Just don't rock the boat—keep a turn round your goat,
It's a great life—If you don't weaken.

"If the Admiral's boat refuses to mote,
And the cat spoils your clean quarterdeck
During Captain's inspection, don't show your dejection—
Though the chief blows out soot by the peck—
Just tighten your grip, keep a stiff upper lip,
Though your feeling's may hurt something horrid,
Gettin' low ain't worth while, so break out a smile,
Take your hat in your hand and go for'ud.

"Don't stick in your room and radiate gloom,
Cheer up! For the worst is to come.
If the roasted spring lamb tastes just like the ham,
An' the rest of Pay's chow's on the bum,
Don't sit in your chair in silent despair,
An' that hole in your face never crack;
Don't shut up like a clam, say something, say 'Damn'—
Anything—though you may take it back.

"When we're darkened at night an' there ain't any lights
An' you beat it on deck to your station,
An' you flatten your face on a stanchion at brace—
Remember it's all for the Nation
If you fall down a hatch Surge will put on a patch
To bind up your holes an' stop leakin'
Don't get sore like a pill, for its' part of the drill—
It's a great life, my boy, but DON'T WEAKEN!"

By the late Commander F. M. Perkins, U.S.N.

FROM: Editor-in-Chief 1954 MUSTER

TO: Our Subscribers

SUBJECT: Appreciation

1. First of all I wish to thank all our class mates, instructors and others who did their best to make this book a success.

2. I wish to thank Mr. Clogston, our Faculty Advisor, and Mr. George Humphrey of Myers Yearbook Co. for their unselfish and untiring efforts in our behalf.

3. I want to show my gratitude to Midshipman Frank Burger, our business manager, who, had he not put in many, many extra hours and weekends of his free time this book would have been a dismal failure.

4. Last, I wish to thank all our advertisers and generous patrons whose contributions made the book the success we hope it will be.

Respectfully submitted,

Midshipman Warren E. Scanlon

Editor-in-Chief

Muster 1954

TO OUR ADVERTISERS

Our Most Sincere thanks to these the Advertisers in this the 1954 issue of the MUSTER.

We the staff and class of the 1954 most humbly recognize the companies and firms whose support has made this printing possible.

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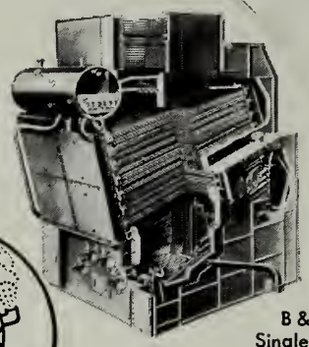

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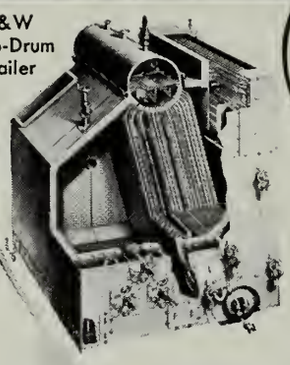

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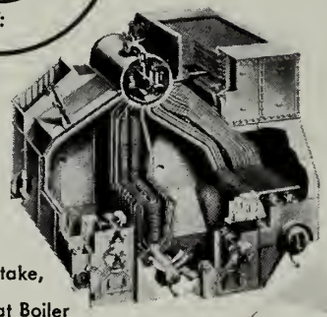

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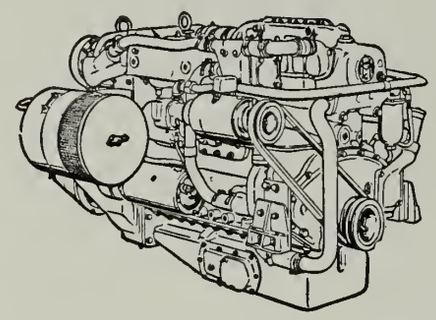

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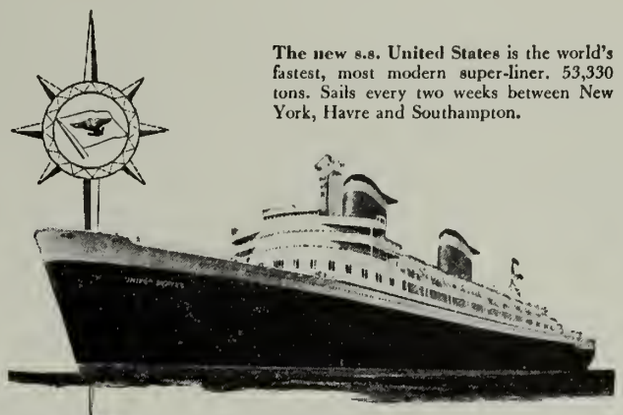

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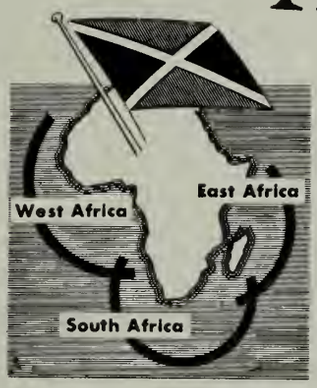

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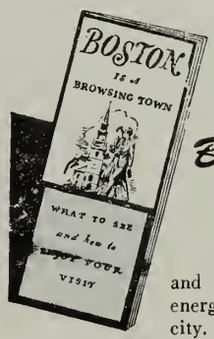

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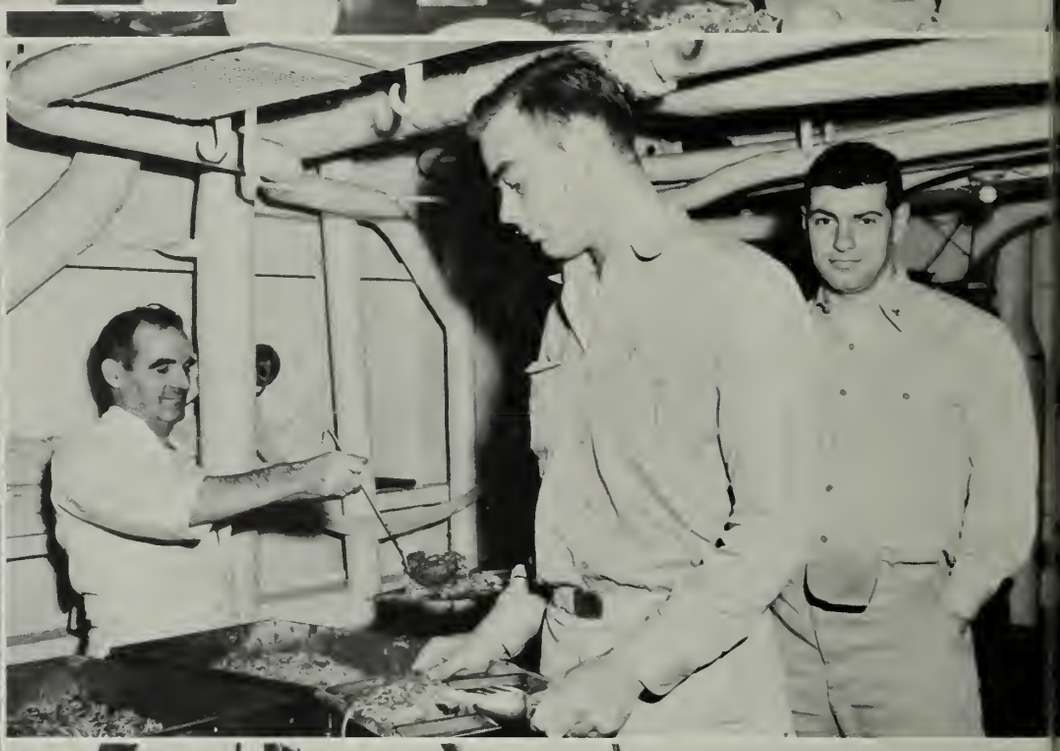

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